THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. SOON AFTER MAY FIRST, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS,—IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMENTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND IFDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.

HOME PROPAGANDA IN GERMANY

ANDRE FRANCOIS PONCET describes in *L'Opinion* the tremendous campaign against 'defeatism' and socialism in Germany. He says, with perhaps too little allowance for normal reactions of sentiment and too much stress on the effect of artificial opinion-making, 'for nearly two years, Germany has been subjected to propaganda at home, conducted with a method, a persistence, an ingenuity, and an abundance of resources which are astounding. There exists in Germany a veritable lie factory, which is flooding the country with its products.

'Individual bribery, retainers, press campaigns, films, posters, meetings, pamphlets, books—all the resources of propaganda discovered and perfected during the war have been systematically set at work.

'I personally know of at least four head organizations which are active in this business. Besides a government press bureau on a scale which we merely imagined during the war, which controls and manages the telegraph agencies and press information at home and abroad, there is what is called the *Heimatdienst.* It has offices all over the country. It has countless agents in Alsace, Silesia, the Saar, where one of them, Deputy Olmert, was recently arrested. It has a corps of lecturers which it sends to every corner of the country. It has a staff of artists to draw its posters. It has a retinue of writers to supply it with tracts and books. Independent of this bureau, but pursuing the same purpose by much the same methods, is the Press Office of the Ministry of Defense.

'The fourth of these principal agencies is the anti-Bolshevist Bureau, a private enterprise founded and endowed by large manufacturers who so far have subscribed to it 32,000,000 marks. Quite naturally, this anti-Bolshevist office does not confine itself to purely defensive action. It disseminates 'sound doctrines,' and it has even struck upon the ingenious idea of establishing schools of oratory —*Rednerschulen*—which gather in ambitious trade unionists and budding politicians, and under the pretext of teaching them public speaking,

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directed their ideas in a 'safe and sane' course.

'I might mention a number of other organizations of the same kind. Hugo Stinnes has his own private propaganda bureau which he has placed at the service of the political party he is backing. Everyone knows that Stinnes has bought well toward half of the newspapers and printing offices in Germany. Moreover, there is a secret and well paid propaganda service which has been organized and is liberally supported by the great banking institutions. Another 'opinion making' office is directed by Parvus (the man who conceived the idea of financing the Bolsheviki in order to ruin Russia during the war) which addresses itself directly to the Socialists. Last of all, there are various military organizations like the *Orgesch* and its sister societies, each of which is a center of nationalist propaganda. It is no exaggeration to say that Germany is now covered with a network of propaganda offices, both public and private, such as has never before existed in any nation. Millions and hundreds of millions of marks are devoted to their work.

'It is easy to imagine the kind of propaganda these offices conduct. Their agents are for the most part former army officers, and their directors are veterans of the famous 'War Press Bureau', which was such a powerful agency for molding public opinion in the way the General Staff desired during the recent conflict. It is men of such traditions and training who have sedulously fostered the idea which all Germany has at last espoused, that the country is not responsible for the war, that it has not been vanquished by force of arms, that it is oppressed by an unjust peace which it is not obligated to observe; that the country has no money, and will not pay its debts.'

A NEW COURSE IN RUSSIA

If we are to believe the European press, recent changes in Bolshevist methods of dealing with the peasants in Russia represent a very radical departure from previous policies. It is said that while Lenin was outlining the new programme, which is described by a Communist writer in our present issue, voices were heard among the delegates declaring that the reform had come too late and that the damage had already been done. According to the *Morning Post*, which generally represents Russian conditions in their darkest hues, the reports brought by provincial delegates to this Congress—which was slimly attended compared with previous meetings of the same kind—were extremely pessimistic. "They were, in fact, one consistent tale of continuous risings in towns and villages among the workers and peasants.... Attempts by (Communist) Party agents to speak at workers' meetings constantly resulted in the speakers being ill treated." Lenin is reported to have said. "The peasants are demanding freedom of trade and we must give it to them. For many reasons, the nationalization of production has been a failure.... There are too many visionaries and dreamers among the supporters of the Communist revolution. Persons who have not the slightest idea of rural economy and agriculture have attempted to organize agricultural communes. It will take generations to change the psychology of the peasant. Freedom of trade must be put into effect at once, and if possible, with the help of Cooperative Societies. The Cooperative machinery,

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it is true, has been destroyed partly, as a result of a misguided policy, partly because we had to combat the social revolutionaries and Mensheviki, who were powerful in the councils of those organizations... We must at once rescind the resolution passed at the last congress regarding the Cooperative Societies, which placed them under the food control office.'

Le Temps observes that when Lenin proposed to the recent congress to allow the peasants to retain control over a part of his crop, he was merely recognizing officially a condition which has existed all along. Bolshevist publications like the *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* report that nearly two-thirds —64%—of the provisions consumed by the townspeople of Russia have been purchased through smugglers and other illegal dealers.

The London *Nation*, which is habitually tender toward the Bolsheviki, describes the new plan as a virtual reversion to the old system of tithes. We must bear in mind that the peasants have paid no taxes since 1917. They will now be expected to deliver one-tenth of their crops to the government and will be permitted to dispose of the other nine-tenths as they desire, the government having a certain priority right to purchase in return for manufactures and other industrial goods.

KARL IN BUDAPEST

THE London *Telegraph* prints the following account of the recent arrival of ex-king Karl in Budapest, upon the authority of an Allied diplomat who was in Budapest at the time the incident occurred:

'They first drove to the Premier's residence, before which a military band was playing while the guard was being changed. One of Karl's companions called upon the band to strike up the Royal Hymn, and upon the guard to present arms. But the officer on the spot forbade both, and Karl, by that time in high dudgeon, ordered his car to be driven to the Regent's Palace.

'Admiral Horthy was actually at lunch when a bewildered and trembling lackey announced "The King." The Regent's anger equalled his surprise, and he upbraided the Royal adventurer in very strong language, ordering him to leave the country instantly.

"And if I refuse to do so," retorted Karl, "would you dare to lay hands on your crowned King?"

"Once more I entreat him, if I do not command, to go."

"But what of my House?"

"It is of my country, and yours, that I am thinking, and that I must think of first."

There followed a protracted argument, and a lively scene, Karl threatening, beseeching, and cajoling the Regent in turn, even going so far as to offer him the highest and most ancient orders. But Admiral Horthy remained unshakable, though cool and courteous. His expostulations having thus proved in vain, Karl then broke down, and promised the Regent not only to return to Steinamanger, but to leave Hungarian soil immediately afterwards.

Meanwhile, the Regent telegraphed to the King of Spain, as a Hapsburg kinsman, to intervene both with Karl and with the Allied governments, in order to arrange for the ex-King's immediate return to neutral soil. Karl, when at Budapest, had boasted that M. Briand was in the secret of his enterprise.'

Several Paris newspapers expressed themselves as sympathetic with ex-

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King Karl's attempt to regain the throne of Hungary. *Figaro* took the position that Hungary had a right to choose its own ruler, and France had no occasion to oppress a Prince who had always been its friend and a friend of peace. *Gaulois* took the same position. However both papers remarked upon the danger that the precedent of the King's regaining his throne might be encouragement to the Hohenzollerns. Jacques Bainville comments in *L'Action Française* that it is illogical to make such an ado over the Hapsburg ex-King's return after the brother-in-law of Kaiser Wilhelm has been allowed to resume the throne of Greece.

THE LANSING ARTICLES IN JAPAN.

THE publication of Mr. Lansing's account of Japanese tactics at the Peace Conference has aroused a storm of violent protest in the press of Japan. *Osaka Asahi* says: 'Of all the chapters in Mr. Lansing's memoirs, that on Shantung is most interesting to Japanese. It lifts all the darkness that has hitherto covered the question. From a sentimental motive the former Secretary of State swallowed the claims and propaganda of China, and made himself counsel for China. In order to justify his attitude, he played with such high-falutin language as justice and morality, and at the same time went about seeking legal justification. We do not dispute the question of justice, as no amount of argument on such an abstract question is of any use. As to the legal question, however Mr. Lansing's stand rests on a theory that the Sino-German treaty became null and void simultaneously with the declaration of war by China. We have never before heard of such a theory in international law.'

Tokyo Mainichi observes: 'Viscount Makino has denounced the statements of Mr. Lansing regarding the Shantung question as only due to his own way of interpretation, but if the Viscount's derision makes no repercussion in any part of the world or in any chapter of the world's history, selfish interpretations may long sway the minds of thinking men as actual truths. The Japanese delegates who were regarded by Mr. Lansing as if they were scarecrows should loudly protest.

'Mr. Lansing makes no scruple of stating that at the time of the Peace Conference his attitude was most disadvantageous to Japan. Above all, he extols the Chinese delegates, and says that a great speech of Dr. Wellington Koo struck the Japanese delegates dumb. This no doubt shows that he was on the side of China.'

Returning to the same subject in a later issue, *Osaka Asahi* argues: 'Japan has never politically controlled the people of Shantung, nor does she intend to assume such control in the future. We find a similar misrepresentation in the statement of General Bliss, which is said to have been read and approved by Mr. Lansing, and a similar misunderstanding is responsible for the question asked by the General as to how Japan can have the moral right to assume suzerainty over 30,000,000 Chinese in China's sacred territory in Shantung. The facts which form the premises of their arguments are thus mistaken. They erred in regarding the case in the same light as the French claim for Alsace-Lorraine and the Rumanian demand for Transylvania.'

Yorodzu describes America as 'now in a very dangerous course. Her warlike soldiers, some of her states-

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men, and the selfish munitions makers are apparently going to drive her to ruin.'

AMERICAN PRICE FIXING IN GERMANY

Frankfurter Zeitung prints an editorial note to the effect that its office is receiving complaints from Coblenz regarding the interference of the American authorities in business affairs. On account of the high pay of American troops and the fact that they receive this pay in dollars, prices are much higher in the American zone than elsewhere in the Rhine Valley. Naturally the residents of that region wish to see prices reduced. *Frankfurter Zeitung* questions whether the German authorities could have accomplished more than they have done in this direction. In any case, the American authorities have imposed heavy fines upon German firms for profiteering, and several merchants have been forced to close their places of business for this reason. American officers and especially the women of their entourage, are among those who bring these complaints before the authorities. This daily observes: 'The American officials are certainly not actuated by improper motives (in their price control), but they should bear in mind that they do not possess the expert knowledge of local conditions necessary for wise intervention in the business affairs of a foreign country. They ought to leave these matters so far as practicable to German Officials.'

ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

THE Rome correspondent of the London *Observer* predicts that the coming Parliamentary elections in Italy will result in an increase of nationalist representation. 'The Popular Party, or Clericals, will likely enough be hard hit by the elections. . . The Socialists, who go in mortal dread of them, will return to the new Chamber reduced in numbers and chastened in spirit.' The same correspondent reports that in the District of Ferrara numerous 'Leagues' or groups of Socialist laborers, have gone over to the *Fascisti*, or anti-Communists. 'The agrarian associations of Cona, Aguscello, Torello, and Quartesana, to mention only a few, have decided to fly the tri-colors over their buildings where until lately the Red flag was raised. The movement moreover is extending from the agrarian leagues to town organizations. Freemasonry syndicates have gone over in a body to the *Fascisti*, as well as a group of hospital attendants.' This reversal of sentiment is strongest, according to this informant, precisely where Socialist and Communist violence was worst.

A COMMUNIST'S LETTER.

THE following letter, alleged to have been written by a Bolshevik to a friend, is reprinted from the London *Telegraph* of April 4. The author 'presumably' holds a responsible position in the Soviet government, and is a partisan of Trotzky.

'Thank you for congratulating me on the fall of Tiflis. But a victory in Georgia is not compensation sufficient for the calamitous situation within the party. For a very long period we have presented a marvellously united front. It is very seldom that one could find in the Press any mention of the slight dissension in opinion which sometimes arose between Lenin, Zinovieff, Trotsky, Dzershinsky, and other leaders, for example, when Trotsky tried to

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take Warsaw in 1920, although the majority in the committee were against the venture.

'But now the silence is broken. The leaders are all at cross purposes. What was before the secret of the elect is now the property of the public. The beginning was difficult. Zinovieff set the example by publishing his speech. Lenin followed by doing the same, and then improved on it by printing his speech in secret from his colleagues. An effort was made to make the public believe that the old unity continued to exist. People said: "Let us think like Lenin and act like Trotsky." But the intemperate language employed made all pretence impossible.

'The trouble started with the question of the trade unions. According to the pure Communist theory the latter had to disappear. The question may appear insignificant to you, but it really stirred up the whole antheap. Poor Trotsky was positively crushed in the verbal fight which took place in the Kremlin. Wrangel having been conquered, Trotsky seemed too powerful to his colleagues. So they reduced him to silence, and then made him resign from the committee. Disgusted, he quitted the whole game, and left for Siberia. And just then quite suddenly the crisis happened—I should say a whole series of crises.

'Whilst we all were busy with the trade unions the existence of the Soviet State suddenly was found to be menaced. Quite suddenly we found ourselves without fuel. Food became horribly scarce. The stocks and reserves accumulated in the preceding years gave out. After having destroyed for such a long period, our Government was brutally confronted with the necessity to build, and build quickly. The civil war was over, and could not be used any longer to explain bankruptcy. The works had to close, and workmen became unemployed. Bucharin had the courage in the middle of February to sound the alarm: "It is necessary to speak loudly, to shout about the collapse of our whole régime; we have no coal, no wood, no oil. It is useless to gag free speech. The truth will out." What Bucharin said about Lenin and Zinovieff you know. It was not complimentary. The kindest thing was that they are live men, with their eyes turned to the clouds and counting rooks in the sky.

'The leaders of less importance gaily went for each other. Krupskaya (Lenin's wife) and Shmidt, the two prominent figures in the Commissariat of Education, had a disgraceful tussle, which they made public, although Lenin disapproved. Thus disappeared the remarkable unity of purpose which has made the success of our party possible. The risings in the north brought back sanity for a time. Trotsky was recalled. But how unwillingly. The same Krupskaya wrote: "Trotsky is a disgusting individual, but a fighter. Perhaps with his help it will be possible to reconstitute a solid front." You understand that in this manner it will be impossible to achieve an *entente cordiale*. Do you remember Andersen's fairy tale about the king who was naked? He had no clothes all the time, but nobody knew it until a child suddenly exclaimed, "He is naked!" Now our leaders have themselves told the world that they are naked. Tiflis can't help. There is no bread, no sleepers, no rails, no locomotives. Our stocks of food are so small that there is even nothing to steal.'

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FOLLOWING THE RED REVOLTERS

BY CHRISTIAN BOUCHHOLTZ

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, March 29, April 3.*

(HUGO STINNES PRESS, SEMI-OFFICIAL.)

SATURDAY I left Berlin for Halle, intending to go on to Merseburg the following day and if possible to visit the great Leuna Chemical Works, the stronghold of the Sparticans, from there. When I arrived at Halle at ten o'clock that night everything was quiet. I engaged a room at a hotel in Leipzig Street, and as I was retiring I heard some young fellow in the street below whistling the *Young Siegfried Hornmotive* as a signal to one of the maids, so all seemed peaceful enough.

Suddenly toward eleven o'clock I was awakened by a loud explosion in the immediate vicinity. A little later others followed in remoter parts of the city. Hastily donning my clothes I hurried out. A great crowd had already gathered under the arc lamps of the broad Station Square, and wounded men were being carried across Leipzig Street. Police patrols with rifles and glittering helmets were everywhere; an auto-truck filled with security police stood in the shadow of a side street.

Immediately opposite my hotel was the office of the *Hallesche Zeitung*. Bomb attacks had been made simultaneously against its premises and those of the *Saale Zeitung*, in retaliation for the suppression of the Communist newspapers, as I heard in the crowd.

I personally saw the wreckage in the *Hallesche Zeitung* building. The pressroom was in the basement. The staff was engaged in printing the Sunday issue. About eleven o'clock a pane in one of the basement windows was broken from without and a hand thrust through. The pressroom employees rushed to the back of the room. A dynamite explosion instantaneously followed, which completely wrecked the pressroom and seriously wounded two of the pressmen who could not get away in time. True friends of the working-man, these Red Guardists!

At the *Saale Zeitung* office no one was injured, but the presses were destroyed. An attempt was also made to bomb the police station, but this was defeated by timely precautions, and fourteen of the conspirators were arrested. One of them testified that the regular pay for exploding a bomb was two hundred marks.

The following morning the city was placarded with notices requiring the people to be off the streets after nine P. M., prohibiting more than three people to gather at a single point on the streets, and informing the citizens that a person detected in public with arms was liable to be shot at sight.

I intended to go to Merseburg on the five A. M. train. It did not arrive until ten o'clock. There were very few passengers for an Easter morning; evidently people were not inclined to make holiday excursions under prevailing conditions. The previous night the Red Guards had seized Sangerhausen and blown up the railway station and the City Hall.

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About midnight the 'Red Army,' as these bandits were unfortunately called even in official communications, had appeared also in Bitterfeld and seized the railway station, but withdrew soon afterwards. An attempt to blow up Mulde Bridge, near the station, had been prevented. The road I took to Merseburg is no longer open, for the following morning the big bridge at Ammendorf was destroyed by the Red Guardists, probably to prevent bringing in security police from the north. Soon after passing this bridge I passed the wreckage of two freight trains which had been derailed upon a fill by the Red Guardists. Several of the train crews lost their lives. Another testimony of the regard these people have for their fellow workmen. It certainly was a dismal sight in the beautiful spring landscape, with its budding cherry trees, its hazel thickets tossing their tawny tassels in the wind, and the silvery pools in the over-flooded meadows, reflecting the white Easter clouds that chased through the blue heavens.

I found everything quiet at Merseburg. The cosy cottages of this idyllic little town were quite concealed in the young spring foliage of its shade trees and orchards. The branches of the ancient chestnut trees danced and nodded in the fresh spring wind overtheRenaissance gables of the Town House. The bright red *pommes d'amour* were blossoming in the gardens like ranks of tiny rosebushes. A church organ was being played somewhere in the distance. The sun was shining brightly, and strong police patrols were moving here and there. We were drawing near 'the enemy.'

The barracks between Merseburg and Leuna are occupied by local police detachments. Re-enforcements had arrived from Berlin and Hamburg and quartered themselves in the high school and the castle. The latter is a beautiful building, with magnificent Renaissance gables, a noble old structure of imposing dignity, garbed now in a cloak of bright green,—the spring growth of the ivy which clings like a thick tapestry around the arched windows of its turrets. Green uniformed policemen are on guard. Autos are speeding hither and thither. Auto-truck detachments are lined up in the castle yard. Chests of ammunition are piled mountain high in the vaulted passages. This is the centre from which a campaign against Leuna is being handled.

I found the information officer of this section in one of the castle rooms, sitting in a highback carved Renaissance chair. I inquired: 'How long will it take to capture Leuna?'

'We'll finish up this week. It is hardly right to speak of this as active service. Our orders are to sit fast and do nothing. Just ask the soldiers down there. They are very dissatisfied to be doing nothing. Several of our men have been wounded. Some of them, as we can prove, with dum-dum bullets. We could drive the people out of the Leuna Works any time we wanted to merely by blowing up the source of their water supply. However, that would result in burning out the valuable boilers at the works and ruin them for the time being.'

'What do you plan to do then?'

'First thoroughly clean out this Mansfeld section We have sent a detachment of National Guards to Sangerhausen, which the Red Guards seized last night. Hitherto we have not used regular troops, in order to prevent any suspicion that we were

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associated with a reactionary or monarchist adventure.'

The officer then described some little skirmishes the night before. Five members of his patrol were missing. The Red Guards had given orders to take no prisoners.

I ate luncheon in a little restaurant. The townsmen who dropped in for a little Easter morning refreshment naturally were agog over what was happening at the Leuna Works. An old gymnasium professor observed: 'So far as I am concerned people can do what they want to, but I cannot puzzle out what they want down there at Leuna. What is their object? What do they get by their Soviet plan?'

Two young lads drifted in at that moment. They were in anything but Easter apparel—still wearing their dirty working-men clothes—but were gay and cheerful. They ordered a couple of glasses of beer and boasted of their heroism: 'We ran away from the Leuna Works last night.' Deserters from the Red Army then!

'We wanted to spend Easter at the Fair!' they said. A big Fair is always held at Merseburg at Easter time. 'We climbed over the fence. The sentry shot at us. Hans fell, and did not get up again. I think he's dead, but I don't know. . . Anyway we made out, and tonight we'll take in the dance.'

After luncheon I walked down the dusty highway from the town toward the Leuna Works. Cherry trees were blooming on either hand, and children were playing ring-around-a-rosy under them. A few parties of canoeists were paddling on the lake. I passed the great Fair grounds. The curtains of the merry-go-rounds had not yet been rolled up, but the smell of frying waffles was already in the air. Farther down the road I passed the barracks and strong police patrol.

It is only a short half-hour's walk from here to the advance posts of the Reds. A trolley line runs out to the works. But a big placard on a telegraph pole back in the city informed passengers that the line 'was not in operation.'

None of the policemen stopped me or asked my business. I inquired of the last one whom I passed whether I could get into the Leuna Works.

'Just show your credentials, and they'll let you in.'

'And let me out again?'

'That's another question.'

So I continued down the deserted street. The works were already in sight. Thirteen immense chimneys rose from the massive structures below. I walked on for a quarter of a mile to where the street descends into a cut. On the right is a high railway fill, on the left a mountain of waste and cinders. The road bends to the right and then to the left; but not a person did I meet. The rising wind of a threatening storm was all that broke the silence.

At the next turn, however, I suddenly discerned a few hundred yards ahead two men in working-men's blouses, with blue bands around their arms and red cockades on their heads. They carried guns by a strap over their shoulders. Dodging out of a little excavation they disappeared behind a pile of cinders. Apparently they are advance guards. Immediately afterwards three other men appear and advance toward me, their hands in their pockets.

'Your papers.' An eighteen year old lad makes this demand, in a friendly voice and with a somewhat embarrassed smile. I show my identification, and ask for the boss.

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'Right down the road across the bridge till you come to the gate.'

I pass six or seven more sentry posts, at each of which my credentials are again examined.

At length I come to a place where two telegraph poles have been chopped down and lie across the roadway. The broken wires are waving in the wind. To the left as far as I can see are hundreds upon hundreds of tidy, cosy workers' cottages; the town of the employees, with its churches, shops, warehouses, and the like. It resembles any other town. Yet side by side with the gigantic works themselves it looks like a child's toy city. On the right are immense gas retorts towering aloft, mammoth gasometers, and an inextricable tangle of pipes and conveyors. These works rise black, imposing, and intimidating. Then higher still are the thirteen chimney stacks, towering like the legs of giants whose heads and bodies are lost in the drifting clouds above. As I observe the thirteen stacks more intently I discover that nine are smoking. The works are still in operation in spite of everything.

Finally I reach a gate through the famous fence over which several hundred of the employees have already deserted. It divides the works themselves from the little town where the employees reside. Even in ordinary times no one is allowed to pass this barrier without due authority.

'I wish to see the man in charge.'

An orderly in whose care I have been placed by the armed sentries at the gate, led me into a brown barracks building. There I see a good company of workmen with blue bands on their arms and the Soviet star on their caps, lined up like recruits. They are having their rations. These Red Guards are not so fantastically dressed as were their fellows in the Ruhr District a year ago, who wore immense red roosters' feathers in their hats and red patent leather ladies' belts from which to hang their unsheathed sabres. I could hear soldiers singing from some remoter part of the building,—*In der Heimat* and *Die Voglein im Walde*. So they have not had enough war. Good heavens, they are playing at being soldiers!

'You must first go to the press bureau,' said the orderly.

I was taken over to a wooden building with curtained windows, where some forty young lads between eighteen and twenty-two were sitting on benches. Seated in a chair behind a little desk in the middle of the room was the head of the press department—a jolly undignified little chap with just a touch of blonde down on his upper lip and eyeglasses on his nose.

I introduce myself. He says his name is Müller. Then he suddenly assumes a very dignified and important air, obviously intended to impress the young lads, and begins to lecture me. 'Ah! We've had one fellow like you. Write this down: "I insist that the editors of the bourgeois papers stop abusing the workingmen engaged in the present movement and calling them criminals and bandits and the like." Tell them that in Berlin. That is the first demand which I make in the name of the press committee. Let this be final.' And he rapped with his pencil on the desk.

Yes, Mr. Müller was certainly a funny little man.

The orderly then took me to another building which seemed to be a casino A hundred men or so sat around drinking beer. Their leaders were at dinner in a little rear room.

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Some ten or twenty of them sat at a long table. To one side in a little raised alcove the top men of the staff were sitting on benches at a round oak table. Above them hung a painting giving a bird's eye view of the Baden Aniline Soda and Ammonia Works at Merseburg, with a peasant plowing in the foreground on the right, and a soldier in a steel helmet in the foreground on the left. One of the men present said: 'The bosses—the superintendents—used to sit here. Now we're here. The works belong to us.'

I went over to the leaders' table. Five untidy and unwashed men in rather dilapidated workingmen's clothes were seated there under the picture, and eating—without much appetite, as it seemed to me,—goulash with noodles and baked apples. They did not have bad faces. They received me with wrinkled foreheads, without introducing themselves, and kept on eating while they regarded me suspiciously.

A fellow of medium size with reddish brown hair, already slightly bald, pale, evidently worn out, unshaven, and eating absent mindedly, appeared to be the leader. He did not receive me graciously at first.

'How did this fellow get in here?' and he slapped the table with his open hand. 'Have I not ordered—just wait!'

I requested him to tell me something of the situation.

'I'll not say a word! People of your kind who come in here are all spies!'

I sat down by him and offered him a cigarette. He refused it and took one from one of his comrades. 'I suspect you,' he said. Finally, however, he became more friendly, laughed, and later gave me his name.

He is no university graduate, as we have been told; not a man with a disappointed ambition. He said to me: 'We've no intention of blowing up these works. We employees regard the works as our property. We are now performing all the labor that is urgently required. There are a thousand men working in three shifts and we shall keep on working. However, the moment the first security policeman gets in here we shall knock off work and the whole establishment will go into the air. All we have to do is to open the cocks of the ammonia gas reservoirs and our whole town will be wiped out—and with a favorable wind Merseburg will go too.' Then he dismissed me. The orderly took me through the works. Great clusters of pipes ran here and there over my head, cascades of water were rippling over the gigantic coolers; the smell of ammonia burned my throat, the odor of sulphuric acid was everywhere. But the works were in perfect repair and order.

'Take the crossroads through the fields, and don't go along the railway embankment, or you'll be fired on by the security police,' said the guard, as I left. So I took my way crosswise over the young wheat fields toward the languidly revolving wings of a distant windmill.

* * * *

Two days after the capture of the Leuna Works I was walking among the mounds of slack and cinders—which the fresh spring wind blew in my face—and slipping occasionally on powder blackened cartridges left from the fighting of the previous day, when I came to Barracks No. 24. A group of young people was standing outside. A surgeon in a white jacket who had remained with the works during Communist control was among

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them. A movie man and his camera completed the party.

What was going on over there? I pushed through the crowd to be greeted by a more horrifying sight than one usually saw even in the cruel and bloody days of the war. Dead men in working clothes were being carried out of the barracks, as if one were packing up the dolls of a puppet show. They were laid out in rows side by side with their dishevelled blood-clotted hair. To each was attached a wooden tag bearing his name. I counted them—twenty-seven from this one building. How shall I describe it? Mere Communist driftwood from the wreckage of the fight? No, not that; they are dead men. And a little illogically, perhaps, this fearful sight moved me profoundly more than the greater slaughter I so often witnessed in our trenches during the war. Why is this?

I read on the tags: Hans L., laborer, eighteen years old. Karl F., laborer, sixteen years old...My God! These are fair, fresh boys' faces; lads who know nothing yet of life, mere children, children who stuck red rosettes in their buttonholes and pinned Soviet stars on their caps in much the same way that they pinned artificial oak leaves and starched bunting rosettes and tiny beermugs with *Haut den Luckas*! on their coat lapels when they went a-fairing. They had taken up arms as they would have gone to a football game.

I recalled the brief visit which I had made to the Communists at the Leuna Works on Easter Sunday. There was 'Comrade Kempin' and there was 'Paul', who could sign only his given name to my credentials in order to avoid identification. He is the man charged with blowing up the bridge at Ammendorf, and with other high crimes and misdemeanors. I had sat with these gentlemen at their headquarters. Now they have vanished. As soon as they smelled danger, as soon as the security police advanced against the works they slipped away. They are the men who hounded on these boys, these children to their Red adventure. They are the men who dug their graves, but when the crisis came they deserted. They left the young lads whom they had beguiled to take the punishment, to die. What contemptible cowards!

A GERMAN ROBINHOOD

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *The Manchester Guardian, April 7.*
(ENGLISH LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN I said good-bye to Max Hölz at Falkenstein in the Vogtland a year ago to-day I was sure that he only had a few more weeks to live. He still had a "Red Army" several hundred strong, and his authority over the entire Vogtland, a mountainous region up against the Czecho-Slovak frontier, was undisputed. But soon he, like all the other "Red" leaders who fought against the counter-revolution, was bound to be defeated by the Reichswehr with their discipline and their artillery. He, like the others, would be hunted down, would be tried, would be found guilty, would be shot. There would be no mercy for him.

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Hölz escaped into Czecho-slovakia. He was caught by the Czecho-slovak police and imprisoned. The German Government demanded his extradition. He was tried and declared to be a political offender, not an ordinary criminal. Extradition was therefore refused. He was released. He re-crossed the frontier to live as a fugitive in Germany.

He lived in hiding for nearly a year. Sometimes the press reported that he had shown himself in some remote village, but such reports never received confirmation. Amongst the poorer workmen of the Vogtland, a region of famine and destitution, he became a revered and almost legendary figure, a kind of Robin Hood. No one who addresses a meeting of workmen in the Vogtland to-day dare say a word against Max Hölz.

And now Max Hölz has reappeared, and his coming has fired the futile Communist insurrection into a last desperate effort.

At the Leuna Chemical Works, near Merseburg, I met a workman whom I had seen with the Red Army at Falkenstein a year ago. He told me how to find Max Hölz.

On Saturday afternoon two motor-cars, holding about a dozen men, drove rapidly along the road from Eisleben to Sangerhausen, in the province of Saxony. Three lorries, packed with armed men, followed on several hundred yards behind: Max Hölz and his Red Army.

He stopped his car and asked me to come along and see him occupy Sangerhausen. We careered into the square of the town. The Reds scrambled out of the lorries and surrounded the Town Hall. They stood with raised rifles, ready to hold up anyone who might try to escape and ready to shoot back at anyone who might shoot from the windows. Half a dozen men went in with loaded revolvers. They came out in a few minutes with three policemen in sky-blue uniforms, who looked rather pale but did not lose their stately bearing. They had to get into a lorry, and were driven off under armed escort.

Hölz had gone ahead to the "Schützenhaus," a big inn and bar-room built on an open space overlooking the wide valley. Here he made his headquarters. A small table, a chair, and a big map were brought out for him. He sat down, crossed his legs, and studied the strategic possibilities of the district.

Hölz had sent a few of his men out to take hostages. They returned with the Mayor of Sangerhausen, the parson, and several other gentlemen, all looking pale and frightened.

Hölz had several bundles of proclamations in his car. They were untied and three or four men were sent out to post them up. In a short time there was a red placard at every street corner:—

DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT!

I have occupied this town with my troops and herewith proclaim proletarian martial law. That is to say, every bourgeois who does not obey the orders of the Supreme Military Command will be shot. The moment I hear that Security Police or Reichswehr are on the march, I shall at once set the whole town alight and slaughter the bourgeoisie without regard for age or sex. As long as no Security Police or Reichswehr come near I shall spare the lives and the houses of the bourgeoisie.

All arms must be handed in to the

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Supreme Military Command at once. Anyone in whose house arms are found will be shot. All motor-cars, lorries, steam waggons, motor-bicycles, and bicycles must at once be brought to the Supreme Military Command. If this is not done the people in question will be shot.

Supreme Military Command,
MAX HÖLZ.

From time to time Communists would come strolling in with captured rifles or revolvers. One of them brought in a bicycle which he had wrested from some unfortunate cyclist on the road. Another came along with a captive whom he had found in possession of a small Derringer pistol. Hölz looked at the Derringer contemptuously and gave it back to its owner.

Two civilians, evidently scared by the proclamation, arrived under armed escort to hand in two revolvers. Hölz glared at them:

"Who are you, where are you going, what d'you want?"—he fired off the questions like a machine-gun. The civilians laid their pistols on the table. Hölz bent over his map once again and ignored them completely. They turned to go. He looked up, glared, and snapped "Stay here." Perhaps ten or twenty minutes had passed when Hölz looked up again and saw them still standing before him. He glared and spat out the words, "What d'you want?" They mumbled something incoherent. "*Weg*!" (pronounced "veck," and meaning "Go away!"), he shouted. They turned and walked off slowly, trying to keep up some show of dignity. Hölz jumped up, his eyes blazing with anger, and shouted "Weg, weg, weg!" The two men continued to walk with affected leisureliness. Hölz drew his revolver and fired into the ground just behind their heels. The detonation accelerated their pace quite appreciably.

Towards four o'clock an engine with several goods wagons moved along the railway line down in the valley. A little later a Communist came running up, hot and breathless, shouting "*Noske 'st ausgeschwarmt*!" ("Noske has swarmed out"), meaning that Reichswehr soldiers, who are still called Noskes just as they were a year ago, had detrained and had spread over the country.

Hölz jumped up and shouted "Company leaders!" The company leaders paraded before him within half a minute. With a few sharp words and a few curt gestures he told each one where to go. They dismissed at the double, their companies, each about a dozen strong, following on behind. One company spread along the main street of Sangerhausen. At the corner of each street that ran down into the valley stood one Communist ready to fire at any Reichswehr who might try to enter the town. The other companies were distributed along a vast semi-circle of which the train was the centre. A few rifle shots rang out, and soon the irregular rattle of rifle fire mingled with the regular tapping of machine-guns. The fight lasted until nightfall. Three Communists were killed and several wounded.

Hölz sent for his dynamiters. Three men came with big tin boxes filled with some explosive. Two of them were sent in opposite directions to blow up the rails several hundred yards either side the train, the third was sent to blow up the post office. A loud detonation about ten minutes later showed that he had done his work.

Towards five o'clock Hölz sent for

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the innkeeper, a small fat man, who looked very pale and scared.

"How much wine have you got in your cellars?"

"Only one or two cases."

"Fetch them out!"

The innkeeper went back under armed escort. A little later several Communists returned with bottles of wine in their arms.

"Is that all?" shouted Hölz, glaring ferociously at them.

"That's all we could find."

"Send for the innkeeper!"

The Communists re-entered the building and came out again with the little fat man, who looked utterly miserable. Hölz glared at him silently for a while and then spat out the words "We want more than that!"

"I haven't got any more; really I haven't."

"Liar!"

"I don't think he's got any more," said a Communist standing near by. Hölz jumped up from his chair. Every muscle in his body seemed to contract. He raised his hands to the level of his chest, he curled his fingers so that his knuckles whitened. He thrust his livid face forward right into the face of the man who had spoken, his eyes dilating with venomous fury. The words "Shut up!" exploded at the back of his throat with a kind of guttural rasp. The Communist shuffled backwards, abashed and sheepish. Hölz turned to the innkeeper and yelled:

"We want more than that!"

"I haven't got any more."

"Stand him up against the wall and shoot him."

The innkeeper turned white. Drops of perspiration ran down his forehead.

"Go and smash every door and search every room."

The men re-entered the building once again and returned with more bottles. "I thought so," said Hölz, and gave them a contemptuous look. The innkeeper was allowed to go to his wife, who was wailing and wringing her hands over their lost property.

Amongst the bottles of wine were three bottles of brandy. Hölz sent them back. There was to be no drunkenness in his army. All the wine was for the men at the "front"; no one else was to uncork a single bottle. One of the men began to grumble. He felt thirsty, and said to Hölz, "Can't we———"

Hölz jumped up with clenched hands and gave him a look—if looks could kill, the man would have dropped dead on the spot."

The cracking of rifles and the tac-tac-tac of machine-gun fire continued to sound from the valley. A wounded Communist came lurching along supported by two comrades. In the distance, near the entrance to a big factory building, a fallen Communist lay stretched out on his back. The innkeeper's wife was still lamenting wailfully in the bar-room. A few scared faces were peering through the windows along the main street of the town. Communists were standing at each corner, occasionally kneeling down and firing into the valley.

Hölz asked me to come into the bar-room, where he introduced me to his "Press Chief," a little fat man with a thick voice and a piece of lint clapped over a slight bullet wound on the top of his head. He sat by a big window, writing his official bulletin. He greeted me cordially as a fellow-journalist and gave me his view of the situation:

"Everything is in our favour. The Poles are on the point of invading Upper Silesia. They will keep the

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Reichswehr busy, so that all Germany is thrown open to our forces."

I turned to Hölz. "Do you think you're going to win?"

"I doubt it," he answered.

"What's the use of it all?"

"We must take action whenever we get a chance. If we fail we shall at least have learnt something from our failure, and we shall do better next time. A rebellion that fails is better than no rebellion at all. Our attack must be permanent. It may sometimes be strong and sometimes weak, but it must always be as strong and as terrible as we can make it. We must never relax our pressure. We must give what we receive. It is the Hegelian dialectic over again—pressure engenders counter-pressure. The terror is used against us—we are oppressed, persecuted, imprisoned, and shot. I have, much against my own inclination, come to the conviction that we too must use the terror. We have been far too mild, far too sentimental. Our leaders, Rosa Luxemburg, Liebknecht, Jogisches, Landauer, have been murdered, and the murderers have gone unpunished, but the leaders of our enemies, Ludendorff, Noske, Hörsing, and the others have not been touched."

"Your men respect you?"

"Very much. I don't treat them gently, but I'm absolutely fair with them. And you'll always find me where the danger is greatest. I'm not like the other leaders who incite to violence and shrink from violence themselves."

I asked him about his past life. He answered: "My mother was a Catholic, my father a Protestant. I was brought up in an atmosphere of piety. I took to religion very early. When I left school I became a day-labourer and worked on a farm for two years. I did whatever reading I could in my leisure hours and was chiefly attracted by Socialist literature. Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia' was my favourite book. Then I was apprenticed to an engineer who took me to England. English religious movements interested me greatly, and I became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association."

When Hölz returned to Germany he got employment in a picture theatre. His task was to explain the pictures to the audience. It was there, no doubt, that he perfected himself in the art of public eloquence, of which he is a fair master. He volunteered for the front when war broke out. During the war he began, in his own words, "to realise that emotional Socialism is not good enough. I began to realise that Socialism is not the substance of Utopian dreams only, but also of rigorous thinking and direct action. I learnt to hate the war and those who were responsible for it. I joined the Communist party soon after the Revolution. I am now fighting against our militarism, which is stronger than ever, against the Reichswehr and the Security Police (they are only fighting for money, I for my ideals), but my ultimate aim is the Soviet system, which can only come after we have had a proletarian dictatorship."

Towards midnight he and his staff got into their two cars. The Red army scrambled into the three lorries. Hölz's car began to move, the other car and the lorries followed on, and the whole procession was swallowed up by the darkness.

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GANDHISM—AND AFTER

BY H. S. GOUR

[*This and the succeeding article illustrate the reciprocal attraction and repulsion of Oriental and Occidental thought, which have been accentuated by the critical re-examination of the very foundations of our social institutions and religious beliefs induced by the shock of the war.*]

From *The Hindustan Review, March*

(HINDU PRO-ENGLISH POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE fact that the Indian National Congress has in its two consecutive sessions adopted Gandhi's programme of Non-co-operation as an effective weapon to paralyze the present government in order to force it to concede the coveted Swaraj (Self-Government,) and the fact that his programme has captivated the masses who have successfully picketed voters at the recent Council elections, brings his resolution within the domain of practical politics. It is, therefore, necessary to examine what was his *motif* in counselling this form of non-co-operation and what it will mean to those who servilely follow it.

These two questions cannot be considered apart, for Gandhi has again and again made it clear that those who follow him must not shudder at the consequence, but what is it, do they for one moment realize? Gandhi promises Swaraj to us all if we loyally execute his programme. Let us assume that we have done so—that the Government is in fact paralyzed and that we obtain Swaraj upon our own terms. Let us also assume that out of gratitude to Gandhi for his signal service in removing our yoke we give him the *carte blanche* to fashion our constitution. What kind of Swaraj will Gandhi give us and what lives shall we have to lead under his Swaraj? A veritable dog's life, for listen to this. Gandhi is a sworn enemy of all civilization and all comforts which it brings. He is against railways, motor cars, aeroplanes and all modern facilities for inter-communication, post offices, telegraphs, and last but not least, lawyers, doctors and hospitals.

Let me give you his own words culled from his "Indian Home Rule," a brochure in which he pictures the Swaraj he intends to give India. Ten days before the last Congress met he published it in the press that the picture he has drawn in this pamphlet is the true picture of his dream of Home Rule for India for which he is striving. And this is what he says as regards civilization and its various adjuncts:—

Civilization.—"The true inwardness of the evils of civilization you will understand with difficulty. Doctors assure us that a consumptive clings to life even when he is about to die... civilization is such a disease and we have to be very wary." "Civilization is like a mouse gnawing while it is soothing us." "Civilization is a disease and the English people are at present afflicted by it. It is eating into the vitals of the English nation. It must be shunned."

Railways.—"Railways are a most dangerous institution. Man has there thoroughly gone further away from

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his Maker." "If we did not rush about from place to place by means of Railways and such other maddening conveniences, much of the confusion that arises would be obviated. Our difficulties are of our own creation. God set a limit to man's locomotive ambition in the construction of his body. Man immediately proceeded to discover means of overriding the limit." "Good travels at a snail's pace—it can therefore have little to do with the Railways. Those who want to do good are not selfish, they are not in a hurry, they know that to impregnate people with good requires a long time. But evil has wings. To build a house takes time. Its destruction takes none. So the Railways can become a distributing agency for the evil one only. It may be a debatable matter whether Railways spread famines, but it is beyond dispute that they propagate evil."

Hospitals.—"Hospitals are institutions for propagating sin. Men take less care of their bodies and immorality increases."

Doctors.—"Doctors have almost unhinged us. Sometimes I think that quacks are better than highly qualified doctors. Let us consider: the business of a doctor is to take care of the body, or properly speaking not even that. Their business is really to rid the body of diseases that may afflict it. How do these diseases arise? Surely by our negligence or indulgence. I overeat, I have indigestion. I go to a doctor, he gives me medicine, I am cured. I overeat again, and I take his pills again. Had I not taken the pills in the first instance, I would have suffered the punishment deserved by me, and I would not have overeaten again. The doctor intervened and helped me to indulge myself. My body thereby certainly felt more at ease, but my mind became weakened. A continuance of a course of medicine must, therefore, result in loss of control over the mind." "The fact remains that the doctors induce us to indulge, and the result is that we have become deprived of self-control and have become effeminate. In these circumstances, we are unfit to serve the country. To study European medicine is to deepen our slavery." "I have indulged in vice, I contract a disease, a doctor cures me, the odds are that I shall repeat the vice. Had the doctor not intervened, nature would have done its work, and I would have acquired mastery over myself, would have been free from vice and would have been happy"—and died.

Lawyers and Law Courts.—"Lawyers are men who have little to do. Lazy people, in order to indulge in luxuries take up such professions. This is a true statement. Any other argument is a mere pretension." "If people were to settle their own quarrels, a third party would not be able to exercise any authority over them. Truly, men were less unmanly when they settled their disputes either by fighting or by asking their relatives to decide upon them. They became more unmanly and cowardly when they resorted to Courts of Law." "My firm opinion is that the lawyers have enslaved India, and they have accentuated the Hindu-Mahomedan dissensions, and have confirmed English authority." "Railways, lawyers and doctors have impoverished the country, so much so that, if we do not wake up in time, we shall be ruined."

Parliament.—"That which you consider to be the mother of Parliaments is like a sterile woman, and a prostitute. Both these are harsh terms, but

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fit the case. That Parliament has not yet of its own accord done a single good thing, hence I have compared it to a sterile woman... It is like a prostitute because it is under the control of ministers who change from time to time." "It is a superstition and an ungodly thing to believe that an act of a majority binds a minority." "If the money and the time wasted by the Parliament were entrusted to a few good men, the English nation would be occupying to-day a much higher platform. The Parliament is simply a costly toy of the nation." "If India copies England it is my firm conviction that she will be ruined."

Mills and Machinery.—According to Gandhi there can be no Swaraj so long as the hum of the mills is heard. "We cannot condemn mill owners; we can but pity them. It would be too much to expect them to give up their mills; but we may implore them not to increase them." "Machinery is like a snake-hole which may contain from one to a hundred snakes...I cannot recall a single good point in connection with machinery." "Machinery is the chief symbol of modern civilization, it represents a great sin." "Machinery is enslaving and demoralizing. It was not that we did not know to invent machinery; but our forefathers knew that, if we set our hearts after such things, we would become slaves and lose our moral fibre. They therefore, after due deliberation, decided that we should do what we could with our hands and feet."

English Language.—Another thing that Gandhi cannot tolerate is the English language, the language of Burke and Macaulay which is the true mother of the Indian Renaissance and a language in which Gandhi is able to reach his audience of all races. Conscious of this infirmity Gandhi leaves himself a loophole by tolerating one "who will only on rare occasions make use of the English language."

Gandhi writes of the Post Office' telegraphs, aeroplanes and all modern conveniences in the same strain. Civilization is accursed and so are all its adjuncts. So are large cities. "They further reasoned that large cities were a snare and a useless encumbrance, and that people would not be happy in them, that there would be a gang of thieves and robbers, prostitution and vice flourishing in them, and that poor men would be robbed by rich men. They were, therefore, satisfied with small villages. The common people lived independently and followed their agricultural occupation. They enjoyed true Home Rule."

This is then Gandhi's Swaraj. No railways, no tramcars, no telegraphs, no post offices, no machinery, no courts, no laws, no hospitals, no doctors, no towns, no army, no weapon not even a stick and no "cursed modern civilization."

Gandhi makes no secret of driving the English out of India not because they are English—he is a cosmopolitan—but because they have brought into this country their accursed civilization. "I bear no enmity towards the English, but I do towards their civilization." He does not want them all the more because they might arm the people and protect them against foreign aggression; for "to arm India on a large scale is to Europeanize it. Then her condition will be just as pitiable as that of Europe...But the fact is that the Indian nation will not adopt arms and it is well that it does not." This is then the Gandhian

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Utopia, the mahatmic millenium, placed before us. Destroy all the work and traces of modern civilization, destroy all towns, shun all industries, tear up your railways and tramcars, demolish your factories, impale your doctors and lawyers, retire into the wilderness of your home and there use your "hands and feet" and receive and live on the one product of husbandry.

Two questions arise in this connection. Is this bucolic life now possible, and if possible is it desirable? Whatever may be your response on the second question there can be no doubt about your reply to the first. India is now exposed to international competition. She can not live just as she chooses but must live the life which her neighbours will let her live. The question whether a life of rustic simplicity is possible may be dismissed as an impossible dream. And it is an ideal which I venture to opine few of my educated countrymen will now care to cherish. Nor do I think many of you do. And it is the final goal, the apex and the summit of Gandhi's teaching.

Gandhi does not dismiss the possibility of a foreign invasion. But his plan for defence is simple. If the enemy opens his fire upon you all you have to do is to tell him not to fire. If he does not desist, then your soul force being spent, you must allow yourself to be enslaved. But don't return shot for a shot, for it is against the Hindu religion to take life. Here are his *ipsissima verba* on the supreme subject of strategy: "If it be true that the Hindus believe in the doctrine of non-killing and the Mahomedans do not, what, I pray, is the duty of the former? It is not written that a follower of the religion of *Ahimsa* (non-killing) may kill a fellow man. For him the way is straight. In order to save one being he may not kill another. He can only plead—his sole duty."

"The force of arms is powerless when matched against the force of love or the soul."

There cannot be any doubt that such Swaraj as Gandhi promises would not be worth many moments' purchase.

Brute force should never be used. If a robber forcibly snatches your goods and you are left alive, tell him not to do it again. The moment he has heard this homily he will prostrate before you and give up robbery. If the robber murders you, you are of course dead and the robber loses his chastening sermon. All this reads like nursery tale; but I have quoted Gandhi's own words to show that he seriously put them forward as his original contribution to the art of Government. But Gandhi dismisses from view the notorious incident in the history of India that before the establishment of *Pax Britanica,* the country was the scene of internecine wars and disturbances and that with the withdrawal of the British without preparing the people to preserve peace and defend themselves against internal strife and foreign aggression the country will once more be the bear garden of inter-racial feuds and foreign aggressions, wiping out in less time than it takes to think the splendid machinery which with all its faults holds India immune from external aggression.

You will thus see that Tolstoyism is not a form of asceticism as we Hindus understand it here. For asceticism is a form of life adopted to attain spirituality. Nihilism is a social order, a form of life adopted for its own sake. It has no ulterior aim in view. Asceticism is a war on carnal desires—the subjugation

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of passion, an avenue to higher life here and hereafter. Nihilism is a war on organized society which we popularly call civilization. It has no ulterior goal. The one enobles life and is intended to elevate one from the pale of sin and suffering. The other is intended to destroy the charm and pleasure of existence and reduces the sufferer to a savage. It is the answer to the question who is happier —the civilized man of the town or the savage beast of the forest? We say the civilized man, the Nihilist says the savage.

This is then the pith and marrow of the Nihilist doctrine and Gandhi is its disciple. Let me quote you his own words: "Under it (*i. e.* civilization) the nations of Europe are becoming degraded and ruined day by day." "A man labouring under the bane of civilization is like a dreaming man." "We are so much beset by the disease of civilization that we cannot altogether do without English education." It is not a question of what I mean...A great English writer has written a work called, "Civilization: its cause and cure." Therein he has called it a disease.

Gandhi contrasts our ancient civilization with the modern Western civilization much to the detriment of the latter. He pines for the return of the former but I can only regard this as a pose, for I do not think that there is anything to contrast in the two civilizations which do not differ in kind and only differ in degree. Moreover if I have understood him aright, Gandhi is opposed to civilization as such and not merely to the modern materialism of the West.

If this be his intention, how are we to combat it? Surely not by soul force.

Some of you will rub your eyes and wonder whether any man with any claim to sanity could picture to you a life for so impossible an ideal, so absurd. But unfortunately this is not Gandhi's original idea. It is but an echo of the life depicted by Count Tolstoy, the Russian Nihilist, of whom Gandhi is a disciple.

Let me then give you in a few words the essence of Tolstoyism, for if you understand Tolstoy you will understand Gandhi.

As Gandhi is a disciple of Tolstoy, so Tolstoy was the disciple of Rousseau, who pleaded for the simplicity of life according to Nature. What is this life? It is the life which both Rousseau and Tolstoy described and it is the life which Gandhi is himself striving to live and asking his followers to follow. Let me describe the Tolstoyan cult:

The life of this great Russian Savant may be said to divide itself into three chapters. Born in the purple Tolstoy led the life of a young man about town while a student of the University of Kazan, which imparted no education and exercised no control over its pupils. Disgusted of this life Tolstoy repaired to his estate and began to lead the life of a simple peasant. He imbibed the social philosophy of Rousseau and wished to put in practice the Kindergarten system to which Frobel the great German educationist was devoting all his energies. Tolstoy believed in no disciple. "The student," said he, "must have the right to refuse those forms of education which do not satisfy his instincts. Freedom is the only criterion. We of the older generation do not and cannot know what is necessary for the younger." He opened a school to give effect to this view, but the school soon ceased to exist, the young students being

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free to choose the amusements of the playground to the curriculum of the school. Tolstoy gave up educating the young as a bad job and next turned his attention to the improvement of the peasantry. He denounced all culture as the enemy of happiness and wrote a book "*The Cossacks*" to prove the superiority of "the life of a beast of the field." But within the domain of his own family life he did not put into practice this doctrine in its entirety. He employed English and German governesses to teach his thirteen children, whose offences were however punished by a strict "boycott" of the offender until he or she repented. Though the enemy of culture, Tolstoy did not cease to exercise his pen. But his pen was the pen of a novelist and the world he depicted and imagined lived only in his fancy. The various phases of his mind he well describes in his autobiographical sketch "*My Confessions.*" At one time his leading idea was that "the object of life should be the happiness of one's family and oneself.. I lived by this rule up to a few years ago...Then a strange state of despair, a longing came over me. I had moments of doubt and despondency. Life as it were had come to a standstill; I neither knew how to live nor what to do. I wandered about aimlessly, a prey to low spirits. For a time this mood passed away and I took up the daily duties of life. Then again these misgivings became more frequent and more acute. The same questions were always thrusting themselves on my mind—why? and wherefore? and whither?" He took to the study of Schopenhauer—the philosopher of pessimism, which increased his doubts and despondency till he could exclaim, "How often have I not envied the unlettered peasant his lack of learning!....I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand. Instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand and one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and entirely miss his port, by dead reckoning; and he must be a great navigator indeed, who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one, instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion." Tolstoy hated towns and town life with its artificiality, the competition of capitalists and merchants, the curse of inequality. Money was an evil, wealth was a sin: "what makes a man good in his having but few wants." In his *Kreutzer Sonata* Tolstoy denounces marriage, which can only be condoned if spiritual sympathy exists, and then only as the means to the continuance of the race; otherwise it is a breach of true morality. Music is a debasing art. Much of this is however recanted in his *Sequel*, in which he confesses that great ideals are always unattainable. It will thus be seen what an apt pupil Gandhi is of his *guru* Count Tolstoy, whose letter to him he recommends his readers to read. The Tolstoyan republic is the Gandhian republic—a republic in which every man lives in the state of nature "as a happy wild beast in the forest."

Such being Gandhi's ideal of social order, let us now examine his latest Non-co-operation programme.

I say latest, because I shall not advert to its immediate precursors, to his passive resistance and Satyagraha movements, the epitaph upon whose

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tombs was inscribed by their author in one word—suspended.

Gandhi's scheme of Non-co-operation is directed to paralyzing the present Government with a view to wresting from it further concessions in the direction of *Swaraj*. I have already explained what kind of Swaraj Gandhi has in store for us. Even assuming that it is the Swaraj the country is hungering for, those who want it now can have it by repairing to the nearest village, as Tolstoy did; but why should they infect the entire nation with their virus of Nihilism? Gandhi would say that his simple life is so good for the nation that he cannot bear to enjoy it alone. But in that case is he not misleading the whole country by trying to destroy the existing Government, when he might more directly appeal to the masses to adopt the Tolstoyan mode of life by abandoning all the adjuncts of modern civilization. Why make it a political question? Live and let live is a salutary rule which Gandhi will concede in the abstract; but if so why should he not go to the people and say that he loathes the British Government not because it is British but because it is a Government first and British afterwards, and not indeed because it is British but because it is so civilized?

I have no doubt that if Gandhi had preached his cult in this nakedness he would not have secured a single sane follower.

He has therefore given this occidental creed an oriental garb; and when he pleads for the simplicity of life he preaches it as an economic problem, and while he denounces the "Satanic Government" he forgets to connect it with what he conceives to be its Satanic misdeeds, *viz.*, all the modern conveniences of civilization.

Gandhi is leading the nation blindfolded to an appointed goal. Gandhi would reply that he makes no secret of his creed; and he who runs may read his "Indian Home Rule," in which he portrays the Swaraj he has in view for India. This is perfectly true. But how many of those who throw their caps into the air and shout "Gandhiji Ki Jai" have read his Thesis, and how many even of those who acclaimed his scheme in the last two sessions of the congress connected his resolution with his social doctrine? How many anywhere I ask recognize the iconoclast of modern progress, the Messiah of rustic simplicity? How many again I ask of these who renounce their living and join the ever growing chorus of Non-co-operators realize the true meaning of his mission, the *raison d'etre* of his teaching?

At the special session of the Calcutta Congress the resolution in favour of Non-co-operation was carried by those who fanned the flame of popular resentment against the Punjab atrocities and Khilafat wrong. Not one of those who voted for the resolution ever so much as hinted at the blow he was unconsciously aiming at our economic political life—our steady progress in the direction of Self-Government of the people by the people for the people. How many then realized that Gandhi is not a believer in the Parliamentary form of Government or any organized Government at all? And how many again of the vaunted twenty odd thousand delegates who voted for the reaffirmance of that resolution are convinced disciples of political Nihilism? But yet the resolution was never intended to ensure the change of

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Government to popular Government of a Parliamentary form, nor will it ever achieve that purpose.

Gandhi has persuaded the nation to boycott the Councils, boycott the Courts and boycott all aided schools and colleges. Assume now that all this is possible. Assume again that the Councils are deserted and that the Courts are denuded of their lawyers and litigants. The Government will go on without the one as it went on before the Councils were initiated in this country, and the Courts will continue to administer justice unaided by the salutary influence of counsel; or if the litigants do desert them then they will be closed altogether, while the desertion of schools will only strengthen the financial resources of "the Satanic Government" by setting free the funds now spent on education for any other "nefarious" purposes it may cherish.

I do not minimize the effect of agitation. I do not underestimate the force of popular opinion. I am not unaware of the power of popular discontent. But what will be the cumulative effect of it all? Suppose the Government resorts to repression. What then? How are the people to retaliate? Gandhi has made it clear enough that he is the apostle of peace. He will not countenance the use of force. He has warned his people that the sole weapon he will tolerate is the use of spiritual force, and the moment the masses get out of hand he will hie to the Himalayas and there disappear from view. And need the "Mahatmaji" be reminded that it is easy to light a spark in a magazine but difficult to control the explosion? Is he sure that the proletariat to whom he appeals for the use of spirit force are not thirsting for blood? Surely these are considerations not wholly beyond the pale of possibility. The dismal lessons which the previous rehearsals of this creed have taught all nations ought to be a sufficient warning for the future.

Gandhi does not mince his words when he plainly denounces education as an intellectual torment and embarrassment, calls lawyers as pests and parasites and councils, even when improved to the status of parliaments, as prostitutes. His programme is a programme of destruction. If it has any ulterior purpose in view it is to make a clean sweep of all traces of civilization. He has nothing to replace it, for the simple reason that he is convinced that the true life to lead is the life of the unlettered clodhopper. So did Tolstoy from whom I have quoted. He is the master key to modern Gandhism. Let those who follow him beware of the goal.

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ASIA AS A TEACHER

BY ERICH EVERTH

From *Europaische Staats-und Wirtschafts Zeitung, February* 15.
(BERLIN LIBERAL ECONOMIC BI-MONTHLY.)

SINCE the war, the people of Europe have longed for peace, not only political peace, but inner, spiritual peace. Aversion to controversy and abhorrence of violence characterize this new attitude. Our Western world is weary; not weary of life, but of strife and hatred. Indeed, our peculiar society and civilization have been found wanting. They were ceasing to function normally even before this tragedy. However, the result has not been apathy and callousness, but new restlessness and new wants,—'a fairer vision beckons to another shore.' People are exploring provinces of the human soul which have remained untouched by Europe's torment, and seem alien to the typical European. Men are looking to the East unconsciously, and therefore sincerely. It is not a mere fashion. The world of Asia draws us with its promise of something new and something that will liberate. We are learning to love the gentleness and the wisdom and the tenderness of the ancient and lofty culture of the Far East. We can study that culture oblivious of the enmities which divide Western nations. Today, Germany welcomes as a gospel of salvation, as a glad message, the unwarlike doctrines of Far Asia, the pacifist mentality of the Indians and Chinese; and particularly the self-sufficient social repose of the Chinese people, their strong family spirit, their clan ties, their communal industry, their powerful collectivist civilization, their peaceful domestic history, their long experience with self-government, and their Confucianism—that ideal guide to the conduct of a good citizen. Germany is conscious of a similar outpouring of sympathy toward Holy Russia—not toward the chaotic, barbaric Russia which is now on top, and which has always existed side by side with the other—but toward the Russia of the spirit, of great poets and writers, in whose works the Russian is revealed as the most brotherly man in Europe.

It is true that unflinching champions of 'pure German instinct,' of 'the do and dare spirit,' condemn such tendencies as 'a spiritual infection produced by the narcotizing opiate of Asiatic philosophy,' and predict that they will hasten our decadence. Quite the contrary. From these distant sources we may draw inspiration for a new life. Furthermore, it will profit us now to learn how to accept the inevitable; for we are forced, and shall be forced hereafter, to resign ourselves to many inevitable sorrows and hardships. We must, however, seek for and discover in the spirit of Asia inspirations instead of apathy, regeneration instead of decadence.

Certain blind critics have condemned Goethe because he sought to escape from the anarchy of Napoleonic Europe to a higher realm of repose and order; and found this in the idealism of the Orient, and its patriarchal atmosphere. We understand today

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the sentiment which inspired his *Westostlichen Diwan*. That was not a merely negative sentiment, a turning away from the world, and reality, and action; it voiced the need for productive repose, for contemplating things in their unclouded, undistorted aspect, for experience of what is permanent, for values which do not wither in a day, for those universal ties which bind together nations and continents. Rising above the petty, domestic discord of little Europe, Goethe heard the harmonies of ancient and enduring culture expressed through the cosmos of world literature.

Modern Europe even before its recent disaster, was making tentative essays in this path. Already before the war, a growing interest was obvious in Chinese lyric poetry—an interest which had passed the stage of mere curiosity regarding foreign forms of self-expression. Today our intellectual urge toward the East is less literary than in Goethe's time, but it is more largely ethical and cultural. Humanity is far more profoundly shaken than it was a century ago, and the hope for new spiritual life from the East is incomparably more general. Our knowledge of Asiatic thought has now extended beyond the field of literature, but still letters remain the most convenient bridge to it. Rabindranath Tagore has succeeded Lafcadio Hearn, whose books upon Japan were widening the vision of many Europeans only a decade or so ago. Leaving aside the question of how completely and accurately these writers portray the spirit of the two nations they describe, and allowing for their own European prepossessions, there still remains enough of the characteristic gentleness and tenderness of the East to sooth our nerves. Furthermore, Asia has for many years now played a role of increasing importance in the fine arts. Toward the end of the last century, Japan attained a political status which brought it within the sphere of Western civilization. Japanese painting fructifies European impressionism. The art criticism of Germany occupies itself largely with China and Japan. More recently India has become another focus of art interest. We are giving deeper study to Indian sculpture and architecture. This is not a mere passing fashion, but a serious tendency. Our art interest in the East has, of course, nothing to do with the war, but it is reenforced by the general trend toward Asia.

In philosophy as well as art, a certain Orientalism has begun to manifest itself. I need only note two recent philosophic works: Kayserling's *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* (Diary of a Philosopher's Voyage around the World,) and Spengler's *Decline and Fall of Western Civilization*, in which he prophesies that our present culture will disappear to be succeeded by a new civilization rising in the East. India has influenced Western philosophy for a century, particularly through Schopenhauer, and even more recently through Deussen's researches into the history of philosophy. The great religious philosophies of India are metaphysical ways of expressing a typical and constant conception of human life; they are by no means limited to India and their comprehension and mastery do not require a direct knowledge of India. These philosophies constantly win new adherents, in all nations and all ages,—not appealing to everyone but only to certain temperaments and to certain states of sentiment in the individual or in society. Such a favoring con-

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dition of sentiment is now sweeping through the Western world, and particularly Germany. The absolute value of what any individual thinker contributes to the body of human thought, is measured by the number of his fellow men whose minds are swayed by his thinking. The deeper his vision penetrates into the common sentiment of humanity, the broader its appeal. Popular interest is not turning so strongly toward the ideals and teachings of Asia out of mere weariness of the world and of life—which superficial thinkers are so ready to ascribe to Buddhism—but in search of satisfaction for positive spiritual needs. The original writings, with whose aid we attain these spheres of spiritual thought, are available in a German translation, by Carl Eugen Neumanns, whose rhythm and the melody of language possess an independent charm. Its parallellisms and repetitions and constant returning to the same theme, its fond, reposeful and meditative dallying with each pearl of thought, rests and calms us by its contrast with our hard, harsh, laconic, military mode of mind, which has no comprehension for other than immediately practical and material things. In this literature, we rise to the height of spiritual meditation and contemplation.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of Spengler's *Decline and Fall of Western Civilization*, and unquestionably independent of that work, the painter Paul Cohen-Portheim has written a book entitled *Asien als Erzieher*, (Asia as a Teacher), which resembles Spengler's work in its reasoning and in its bold conclusions; only it demands less labor of the reader and is easier to understand. It starts out with the reaction from our war experience. It was written in a prison camp, and the barbed wire fence which surrounded the camp is a symbol in the author's eyes for all artificial hindrances and confinement. He says: 'Artificial divisions create contrasts, and from contrasts spring suspicion, aversion, and hatred. Hatred is, in final analysis, merely lack of understanding, misunderstanding.' That is naturally assuming a good deal; for there are natural contrasts which cannot be eliminated, and there is hatred which is justified and not based on error. But the author is right in his idea that we are all kinsmen, that there is a fundamental unity beneath our variations, that we should seek for that unity in order to conquer hatred. He calls this seeking to discover our higher unity 'universalism,' because it is an effort at a universal understanding; and he believes that individualism is the principal obstacle to such a state of mind. However, individualism is, in his opinion, the typical form under which Europe conceives human existence. Europe has raised reason above sentiment; and reason analyzes and distinguishes, while sentiment, or intuition, or mysticism, identifies or assimilates the object of its thought with the thinker, and brings them together. In this respect, the book is close kin to Spengler's. The author recognizes that our theories of knowledge are determined by the age in which we live and the fashion of the time. Europe's philosophy has culminated in a fight of all against all, which reached its *reductio ad absurdum* in the world war. Asia possesses the secret of a path out of this impossible situation toward mutual harmony and world reconciliation. He believes that an understanding of the Asiatic as well as the European philosophy of

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conduct, and a synthesis of the two, are the principal tasks demanded of our age.

The author starts out with the Indian conception of maya. Indian wisdom has conceived contrasts and differences as the source of illusion. The world of the senses is illusion. Truth lies behind a veil, because in this world contrasts and differences, which we ourselves create by our rational processes, form the weft and woof of things. We are, in truth, compelled to analyze, compare, and contrast in order to attain an intellectual understanding of the world. Individualism, nationalism, and race sentiment are in the opinion of the author the product of an intellectual process. In contrast with this, he calls feeling, or intuition, the unifying or inclusive world principle. The profoundest of all the contrasts in the world, in the opinion of the author, is that between the 'individualist' and the 'universal' attitude. But that contrast between the individual and the universal is not irreconcilable; each reciprocally conditions, each serves the other. It is the author's ambition to reconcile them, and in doing so to reconcile the philosophy of the East and the West. He starts out by comparing the two fundamentally different views of life with each other. 'The spirit of the West is active, individualist, intellectual, because it is a spirit which craves for power.' It conquers and subdues nature through modern science and inventions. It pins its faith to organization and machinery. Its highest type is the ruler, the master, the man of power, the victorious warrior. He cites as examples: Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Bismarck, and our great captains of industry and trade. This is partly the result of our faulty philosophy of history, but that very defect is itself characteristic. 'To be sure, the West has also had its intellectual and spiritual heroes, but it has only recognized the greatest of them, like Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe, cloudily and half under compulsion. They are, in fact, strangers to the Western world, precisely because that world perceives that they are super-personal and universal.' This is too one-sided a view, but it contains a large element of truth,—it seems to us the decisive truth for a true diagnosis of the European mind today. In contrast to this, the East represents passivity, universalism, intuition. The Asiatic is conscious of his close brotherhood with nature, with the plants and animals. He does not try to master them, but to live in spiritual and sensuous harmony with all living things, to merge himself in nature. To be sure, the Western man who possesses a vivid consciousness of nature feels this too; but there is a great difference in degree. The Asiatic mind has developed this attitude more deeply and broadly than the typical European mind. 'When man identifies himself with the universe completely, he attains a state of indescribable happiness, Nirvana. Therefore, the Indian sages teach: Destroy all that in you which separates you from the universe. The I is the cause of all suffering and evil. Destroy the I.' The European likewise understands this. He is not solely egoist, but like every living being has altruist impulses. The European, like the Asiatic, knows the freedom which comes through renunciation. Still this truth is relatively less recognized by us. However, the author goes too far in saying: 'Unconscious ecstasy seems to the

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European understanding an impossibility.' No, we likewise know, possibly because we are so rational and our minds give us no rest, that for large periods of our existence the only road to happiness is to cease thinking. Our keenest intellects comprehend best that happiness is something vegetative and physical. They treasure it no less for that reason, but long for it as for childhood and home. That is why they are so attracted by the spirit of Asia, which is pervaded with this atmosphere. Our author continues: 'And yet does not the European conceive the highest happiness at the verge of unconsciousness? To faint with joy? Have our poets not instinctively conceived the kinship of love and death? Goethe's Gretchen exclaims: "I would die of his kisses," and Wagner's Tristan-Drama ends with a lofty paean to love and death.'

Quite true. Otherwise there would be no bridge between the East and the West. In Cohen-Portheim's opinion, to be sure, only art has discovered this bridge. He names intuition 'the genius of the East.' The Asiatic despises the intellect. That is why the sciences could arise only in Europe. 'The heroes of the East are not its emperors. When history there preserves the name of great rulers, it adds, as so often occurs in the annals of China, that they were great poets or painters or philosophers. The only hero to the Asiatic is the sage,—Confucius, Laotse, or Buddha. The ideal man of the West is the world conqueror; the ideal man of the East is the world contemner, the man who conquers himself, and thereby—though in a different way—becomes a conqueror of the world.

Yet the author himself admits that he is comparing modern Europe with an Asia which has almost ceased to exist, and that he thus overemphasizes the contrast between the two. For more than a thousand years, the two continents have been interacting upon each other. The Asia of pure idealism was somewhat akin to Gothic Europe. And, in truth, a person who knows the spirit which inspires our modern worship of the Gothic Age, will easily discover analogies between it and our present urge towards Asia. Christianity, which was so important a part of the Gothic spirit, was in earlier days a tie between the East and the West, since it represented the revolt of feeling against the supremacy of the intellect. 'What we now experience is a new readjustment of the same antithesis between the Occident and Orient. As a matter of fact, Europe has begun again to learn from Asia.' At this point, the author reaches a different conclusion from that of Spengler, and I think a wiser one. The latter tells us Europe is growing senile. But senility is incapable of assimilating what is strange, or of influencing other forms of life, the way Europe and Asia continue to assimilate from each other and to influence each other. Europe has before this carried its civilization to the Far East, and is even now doing so. The most striking example is Japan.

Japan, however, shows how harmful such a wholesale importation of alien thought may be for an indigenous culture. It illustrates the disastrous effects of too complete adoption of the European spirit. Thus Japan's experience is a warning for Europe not to reverse the process, not to lose itself entirely in the Asiatic way of thinking. The author himself notes that the influence of Europe in Asia

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has been regrettable in many ways. Tagore's recent poem, 'Home and the World,' describes the struggle of the true spirit of India against the invading spirit of Europe. The same author has just written a book on the spirit of Japan, dealing with this subject from another aspect. We have also had recently another book by the Chinese, Ku Hung Ming, which, under the title *Vox Clamantis*, discusses the meaning of the war. This book uses Confucianism to illustrate the profound pacifism of the Asiatic mind, and warns the people of Asia against the European mind. This author had published previously in Germany a *Defense of China Against European Ideas;* and also a third book, where he prescribes Chinese philosophy as a remedy for war.

Our author predicts the eventual victory of Eastern 'universalism' in Europe, and believes that a synthesis of the two philosophies will enable humanity to attain its highest possibilities. He thinks that even in the Russia of today, amidst its chaos, confusion, and barbarity, the ideals of the East will eventually be victorious, and that thus a transformed, regenerated European society may arise closely related with the East. Personally, I consider this unlikely. None the less, we can, without surrendering completely to Asia's influence, draw profit and pleasure from a sympathetic study of its teaching. It would not be desirable, were it possible, for all the differences between the East and the West to cease. Absolute uniformity would be deadly. Life itself consists in reaction and struggle. None the less, the Eastern pacifist ideal is needed to correct our Heraclitan joy in war as the sum of existence, our Hobbian conception of society as a place where 'man is a wolf which preys on his fellow men,' our Darwinian theory that even civilization is but an ordered struggle for the survival of the fittest, our tacit endorsement of Nietzche's glorification of battle.

Last of all, Spengler and Cohen-Portheim teach us that the European spirit is our spirit, which it is our task in the world's history to incarnate. The broader vision we gain from his book does not lead to skepticism, but rather to faith in the intellectual nature with which we have been endowed. We can complete and enrich that nature with the treasures of Asiatic thought, and still remain intellectually good Europeans. We are still permitted to admire and love the 'eternal Greeks.' In fact, the author himself says: 'Greece is the birthplace of European intellect and of European science and art.'

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THE FASCISTI

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *The New Statesman, April* 2

(LONDON LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

CERTAIN recent events in Italy echo curiously in British and Irish ears: D'Annunzio's adventures in Fiume, for example. This adventure and Sir Edward Carson's Ulster "rebellion" had, it is true, very different endings. But both rebels professed to be more loyalist than the King; both counted—one of them rightly—that the Army would not be moved against men who made such a profession. You have only to wave your country's flag more vigorously than the rest, and you will be immune against the law: so ran the argument in each case. The analogy, again, between the present war in Ireland and the shooting and bomb-throwing which have accompanied the struggle between Fascisti and Communists in Florence, Modena and other Italian cities is, superficially, equally striking, and more than superficially for those who regard the Black-and-Tans as "a class-weapon forged in Ireland for use in Great Britain." There is quite an absurd similarity between the discussions at Westminster on reprisals and the sorts of charges and counter-charges that are flung to and fro daily in the Italian Chamber:

BOMBACCI. The Chamber should occupy itself with the indirect policy of Giolitti, who is responsible for the deeds of bloodshed that have occurred. The object of Giolitti is to destroy the youthful Communist party which is now affirming its power in the life of Italy. I deplore the acts of barbarous violence committed at Florence and Empoli, but these are only episodes in the policy of violence which the Government has adopted against the Communists.

SAZZOCHI. At Florence three wounded Carabineers were carrying in their arms the mutilated corpses of their companions, and they invited the passers-by for assistance. These replied insolently, "One the less." It (the reprisal of the Carabineers, who then shot a passer-by) was a melancholy occurrence, but we must allow for the state of mind of those police, and their access of wrath. (Subsequently the editor of an Anarchist journal was murdered at his desk.)

At Florence, the cause of the reprisals was the firing from an allegedly "Socialist" quarter upon a procession of students and Fascisti who were being escorted by police. At Siena, shots were directed at the Fascisti from the Casa del Populo, whereupon the Government troops accepted the aid of the Fascisti in bombarding that building with two field guns. More recently, a Socialist deputy of the Right has been found with his throat cut, and a political crime is suspected. The Socialist interpretation of these events is that the Fascisti are, at worst, *agents provocateurs;* at best, secret allies of the Government in the struggle against the Communists. The view of the average *bourgeois*, on the other hand, is that, although the Fascisti may be a "morbid phenomenon," their rise is

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an inevitable consequence of the "weakness" which the Government displayed towards the Communists during the revolutionary crisis of last autumn.

But who and what are the Fascisti? The description commonly given of them in the foreign Press as "extreme nationalists" or "ultra-patriots" is not a satisfactory one, but Italians themselves find considerable difficulty in providing a precise description of the movement. The Fascisti do not represent one of those movements in political ideas of which Italy was so prolific in pre-war days. It would be an error to regard them as the inheritors in action of those doctrinaires of a new Italian Imperialism, with their seat in Florence, whose clever writings created a considerable intellectual stir ten or fifteen years ago. Were they that, the recent rapid and formidable development of their power would be inexplicable; for Italy of to-day is in anything but an Imperialistic mood. Italian patriotism to-day is sane to the point of canniness; no other belligerent country is so ready to forget the bitterness of the war. In any event, the original ideas of the Fascisti are of little importance in comparison with their present actions; it has been hinted, indeed, that those ideas, whatever they were, have vanished under not altogether creditable circumstances. "The unexpected and grandiose rise of the Fascisti within the last few months," says a Republican periodical, "is not spontaneous. The large funds of which they dispose have not fallen from the skies, nor are they the product of individual or collective sacrifices. It is difficult to believe that their proselytising work tends to establish a new conscience; too many queer people have emerged suddenly in the dress of the Fascisti."

Thus it is that we should look to the present social conditions for the real origin and *raison d'etre* of the armed volunteers, most of them ex-soldiers, the *fasci dei combattenti*, who have been carrying out reprisals on the Communists of the northern Italian cities. This violence has achieved some success, the Communists are, temporarily, "on the run;" in effect, the Fascisti are becoming a self-constituted police force, hitting wildly at all that savours of revolution. It is for this reason that the project for merging the legionaries from Dalmatia, now unemployed, into the Fascisti has been forcibly opposed by D'Annunzio, for whom the latter are no more than the protectors of the interests of that degenerate *bourgeoisie* which would "not forego its Christmas greediness" when the super-patriots of Fiume were undergoing bombardment. Nationalism in Italy (the theories of D'Annunzio, Marinetti, Corradini) has never been, as in France, a disguise for mere reaction; it is revolutionary and anti-clerical, and if its programme were carried out, vested interests at home, the Church, Parliament, bureaucracy would fare little better than such foreign races as might stand in the way of the "historical aspirations" of Italy. So long as the Communists were in the ascendant—so long as "Lenin ruled in Italy" (this, according to the affrighted *bourgeoisie*, was the situation last year)—so long could D'Annunzio and the militant Conservatives whose arm is the Fascisti co-operate. Each hated one aspect of Leninism. D'Annunzio its international aspect, the Fascisti its social revolutionary aspect. But D'Annunzio—whose proposed Constitution for Fiume was of an extremely radical character—has no intention of putting his fanatical

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idealism at the service of the people who stand for nothing but the maintenance of the *status quo* and have indeed fallen under the suspicion of being the tools of the Government of his arch-enemy, Giolitti.

The Government has rested more and more in recent months upon the support of the parties of the Right; even Croce—who has proved that a philosopher can be an able administrator—is accused of favouring Clericalism in his new education proposals. But the suggestion that it has subsidised the Fascisti has not been substantiated, nor is it likely to be. Its attitude of apparent complacency towards their acts of violence can no doubt be traced, in the last resort, to an impotency such as other countries besides Italy have to confess to be fundamental in their Governments. The Coalition over which Signor Giolitti presides includes many able and distinguished men, as Croce, for example, and Giolitti himself (whom I have heard described as a statesman of the stature of Cavour), but it suffers from the faults that are inevitable in Coalitions, and having no mandate except to "carry on" and to postpone as long as possible any encounter with the realities of the post-war situation, it is not surprising that it should have been accused, first, of weakness towards the Communists and, now, of weakness towards the Fascisti. Nor does Italy offer anything unique in the spectacle we now witness here,—the condonation of unconstitutional action by those very parties whose chief *raison d'etre* is the preservation of the Constitution. It is regrettable, say the apologists of the Fascisti, that such a movement should be necessary, but whoever condemns these private police of the *bourgeoisie* sympathises with the excesses of the Communists and condemns men who were heroes of the war —all of which has a sufficiently familiar sound!

Although the Fascisti do not possess direct representation in the Italian Chamber, their rise has had its influence on Parliamentary politics and is one of the things precipitating the general election, which, it is now expected, will be held in the early summer. If Signor Giolitti had fallen into the ambush which a week or two ago the Socialist Parliamentarians had carefully prepared for him, it would, say the reactionary organs, have amounted to an anti-Fascistist victory. On the one hand, the success of the Fascistist activity has convinced the Socialists that the Cabinet has drifted into a definitely anti-proletarian policy; it has determined them to overthrow Signor Giolitti's Cabinet, if they can do it, even though this should be to the profit of the intrigues of Giolitti's predecessor, Signor Nitti—who assisted the Socialists in preparing the ambush. On the other hand, the present weaknesses of the Socialists seem to the Liberal anti-Socialist *bloc* in the Chamber to indicate the desirability of an almost immediate appeal to the country, the result of which, it is hoped, will dispose of the Nitti faction, render the Coalition independent of the Clericals or popular party and enable it, at the same time, to pursue Socialism with severity.

The weaknesses of the Socialists are evident; they suffer, on their own admission, from "a crisis in programme, in method, in personalities." The ambiguities of the results of the Congress of Livorno have not yet been cleared up. It is true that the proceedings there amounted in effect to the abandonment of the

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idea of direct action, the conquest of proletarian power by violence, but the fact was not acknowledted in the resolutions or the voting. The Centrists brought forward formulae to disguise the real sense of the Congress, but failed, on the one hand, to prevent the formation of a new Communist party, and, on the other, to lift the "stigma" of Bolshevism from the Italian Socialist movement as a whole. There is, therefore, little question of the Socialists being able to increase their representation in the Italian Chamber as a consequence of an election; all they can hope for is the substitution of another Ministry for that of Giolitti, a more "benign" Ministry, as one of Turati's organs *Il Lavoro* puts it, one to which their opposition will be "formal" rather than absolute. These declarations in themselves seem to justify those who have prophesied that, as a result of Fascisti violence, the "reformist" tendency in Italian Socialism (probably at this moment the genuine one) would become more open and explicit.

A FRENCH OPINION OF GERMANY

BY GEORGES BLUN

[*The following article is by the Berlin correspondent of the Paris Journal, a popular daily having an immense circulation and championing the interests of French industry.*]

From *Neue Zurcher Zeitung, April* 4
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

Our suffering continent faces another dismal Easter. The question of reparations, which dominates the foreign policy of the Western powers, and particularly of France, is still unsolved. More than that, the controversy which rages around it has now entered a new phase, where it is proposed to employ force to collect from Germany what that country is unwilling voluntarily to pay. We may characterize the present stage in our relations as a stage of punitive measures and duress. The German government will not pay what the Allies demand, and the Allies will not accept what the Germans offer. The Germans find these demands exorbitant; the Allies regard Germany's offers as an insult, and a proof that the country does not intend to meet its obligations.

One can hardly dispute the fact that Germany's leaders have settled down for the time being to a policy of obstruction. We may properly characterize the present situation as a crisis in carrying out the Peace Treaty. But it is simultaneously a crisis for the German Republic. Never has nationalist sentiment in that country risen higher than today. It looks almost as though we were back in August 1914, when the public mind was captivated with dreams of military glory and the people followed meekly the guidance of pan-German adventurers,—back to the days when the German Reichstag approved anything, even the brutal invasion of peaceful and defenceless Belgium. That old spirit seems to have become again ascendant. The people deny with affected indignation Germany's war guilt; they will concede nothing to their opponents. They are determined

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to dig in on their present line of defence. Dr. Simons, who early in the London Conference was at least ambiguous, was received like a home-coming conqueror when he broke off negotiations and returned. At the outset, disorderly idlers, university students, high school pupils, and ex-soldiers wearing iron crosses and similar decorations, formed the nucleus of the demonstration. The general public then took a hand, and there was a spontaneous ovation to the returning minister. Young lads climbed up on automobiles in order to get a better view and to hear the speeches of the returning delegates. Then the crowd started *Deutschland uber alles*, drowning the few words which Dr. Simons himself addressed to the manifesters. I personally saw the whole affair. I do not think that if Ludendorff had forced his enemies to surrender, he would have been received with more enthusiasm when he came back in triumph, than was Dr. Simons after his defeat in London.

I do not desire to put Germany's Foreign Minister in an unduly bad light. We must bear in mind that he is not master in his own house. The bureaucrats of Wilhelm's time still reign in the Foreign Office. That is the misfortune; Germany's revolution did not result in changing the political and administrative personnel. The old monarchists have clung tenaciously to their jobs and merely pretended a change of heart. They are the gentlemen who caused the war, and lost it, and who now propose to whitewash their country for its sins before the public opinion of the world, and to restore it to its old honor. I attribute the present precarious condition of the German people—and I am certainly not the only one to do so—to the fact that the German revolution stopped half way; and that in consequence of systematic sabotage by certain conservative Socialists who cherished sneaking sympathy for the old regime, the imperial system still keeps its grip on the new government.

Germany's great industrialists, like Hugo Stinnes and Kloeckner, are for the most part bitter opponents of reparation. Only one little group, the so-called 'potash kings,' are showing more prudence. Unhappily, the latter have little influence in high places. German industrialists regard the reparation question entirely from this peculiar point of view: 'How much will we make upon the materials the government will have to supply for repairing the war damages?' The moral side of the question never touches them. These people can see nothing but their material interests, and when we stop to consider that they are the real rulers of present day Germany, we readily discover why it is impossible for that country to come to an understanding with the Entente.

Reaction, as incarnated in the German Nationalists and their political allies, is growing stronger and spreading farther every day. Its trusted retainers sit in every state cabinet and exercise unlimited power in every public office. Their programme is to repudiate the Versailles Treaty. They recognize no reparation and no defeat. They dream only of restoring the monarchy. With this object, they are conducting a great propaganda in favor of the former Crown Prince. They are trying to represent that young man as a peace apostle and martyr. They say that he was not the man responsible for the slaughter of 300,000 Germans and 250,000

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Frenchmen at Verdun, that he was only a scapegoat. He was not the young fire-eater who prated of a merry, joyous war, and whose favorite watchword was 'Steadily forward.' No! They say the lonely prince at Wieringen was the most true, loyal friend of peace, that he was ready to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France as far back as 1914—just to get peace! His propagandists now claim he would be a genial, constitutional, liberal monarch, like King George of England, and that as soon as his beloved papa is out of the way, he will publish some memoirs which will not only astound the world, but prove beyond question that he, the Crown Prince, never wanted a war and is spotlessly innocent of its outbreak. Truly, the world will wait with intense interest for these memoirs!

Simultaneously, there is an organized campaign against France. During the Leipzig Fair—what a magnificent sight for the foreign visitors!—a crowd of local patriots marched through the streets with black, white, and red banners, singing: '*Siegrich wollen wir Frankreich schlagen.*' (We shall march to victory over France.)

After the results of the vote in Upper Silesia were received, a German mob at Oppeln sang the same challenging song. A disarmament commission was received with this song, and threatened and insulted, in the vicinity of Hamburg. Colonel Reinhardt is preaching revenge in Berlin, and a German National member of the Reichstag, Wulle, declared at a public meeting: 'France is, in fact, a worse offender than we are, but it is not permissible to say this.'

And what shall we say of the Reichstag? The only sensible men in that body sit on the left, among the majority Social Democrats and the Independent Socialists. But so long as this wave of chauvinism is sweeping through the land, honest Democrats and Republicans can accomplish nothing. We French made a great mistake immediately after Germany's defeat, in not supporting the radical parties by every means in our power. Today we are suffering for that blunder. Before the elections last June, we might perhaps have reached an amicable settlement with the Germans. Today that seems impossible. We can never come to terms with the reactionary rulers now in the saddle, who owe their influence entirely to Germany's foreign problems. The crisis is acute. Is Fehrenbach's phantom cabinet to retire? Who would then take up its duties? The present composition of the Reichstag prevents peace not only abroad, but also at home. The existing members can not rally a Republican majority strong enough to carry on alone without compromises with the Conservatives. For this reason the Center party is already discussing the possibility of a new election. But I doubt whether an appeal to the country would do any good in the present period of superheated nationalism.

The first step in imposing the sanctions intended to bring the Germans to reason and make them fulfil the obligations has already been taken. However, it is only a beginning. The sanctions as planned by the Supreme Council will be applied in successive stages. We shall see what the next step is after the first of May. Under the Treaty, the Germans must comply with the demands of the Reparation Commission before that date. A person does not need to know much about this country to realize that what the Entente asks

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will not be granted. So now we must resort to further punitive measures. In what direction? Apparently we shall occupy the Ruhr district. Perhaps we will proced to take possession also of Essen, Frankfurt, and Mannheim. It is possible likewise that we shall apply measures in the Rhine countries looking toward making them more autonomous than at present both in respect to their government and to their industry and commerce. However, prophecy is still uncertain; for the Allies will not decide upon their next move until they have a final answer from Germany.

I will not be betraying any confidence to the Germans in saying that the Allies know perfectly well what the actual situation is in Germany. For that reason they may adopt some kind of a compulsory administration. All sincere friends of the peace will naturally deplore such a contingency. Easter, which ought to be a festival of good will, promises this year to be at best but an anniversary in an armed peace.

Under such conditions, how can we discuss a moral disarmament of Germany, which is far more important than military disarmament? So long as the country does not voluntarily lay aside its mental armor, so long as the reparation question is regarded merely from the stand point of military defeat, and not from the standpoint of a moral duty and a holy obligation of the German people to repair the injury they did at the command of blind and criminal leaders, so long as they refuse to recognize this duty and obligation and make it an inviolable plank in their public policy—the world will not have peace. Until then, we shall have too much of sanctions and penalties and the like, and too little of that working together which alone heals the wounds of war.

A NOTE ON CONGREVE

BY EDMUND GOSSE

From *The London Mercury, April*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

CONGREVE'S principal continental critic has remarked that literary history has behaved towards him in a very stepmotherly fashion (*sehr stiefmutterlich*). There is no other English poet of equal rank of the last two centuries and a half whose biography has been so persistently neglected. When, in 1888, I wrote my *Life of Congreve* I had had no predecessor since John Oldmixon, masquerading under the pseudonym of 'Charles Wilson', published that farrago of lies and nonsense which he called *Memoirs of The Life, Writings and Amours of William Congreve, Esq.*, in 1730. In this kingdom of the blind, however one-eyed, I continue to be king, since in the thirty-three years succeeding the issue of my biography no one has essayed to do better what I did as well as I could. The only exception is the *William Congreve, sein Leben und seine Lustspiele*, published in 1897 by Dr. D. Schmid, who was, I believe, and perhaps still is, a professor in the university of Graz in Austria. I darted, full of anticipation, to the perusal of Dr. Schmid's volume, but was completely disappointed. He reposes upon me with a touching

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uniformity; he quotes me incessantly and with courteous acknowledgment; but I am unable to discover in his whole monograph one grain of fact, or correction of fact, not known to me in 1888.

In spite of this, I have always believed that someone with more patience and skill than I possess would be able to add much to our knowledge of a man who lived with the Pope and Swift and Addison of whom we know so much. The late George A. Aitken, who seemed to carry about with him a set of Röntgen rays which he applied to the members of the Age of Anne, would have been the man to do it. Not very long before his lamented death I urged the task upon Aitken; but his mind was set on other things, on Prior in particular. I do not know why it is that Congreve, one of the great dramatists of the world, perhaps our greatest social playwright, seems to lack personal attractiveness. It is a scandal that he has never been edited. His plays are frequently, but always imperfectly reprinted, and without any editorial care. I was rejoiced to see that Mr. Montague Summers, than whom no one living is more competent to carry out such a labour, proposed to edit Congreve's plays. But even he did not intend to include the poems, the novel, or the letters; and I have heard no more of his project. To the book-collector the folio publications of Congreve in verse are precious and amusing, but they have never attracted the notice of a bibliographer. Scholarship has, indeed, been *stiefmutterlich* towards Congreve, as the Austrian critic said.

My excuse for recalling this subject is the fact that I am able, through the kindness of Mr. Thos. J. Wise, to announce the existence of a work by Congreve hitherto unknown and unsuspected in its original form. In the matchless library of Mr. Wise there lurks an anonymous quarto of which the complete title is: '*An Impossible Thing.* A Tale. London: Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, MDCCXX.' This was shown by Mr. Wise to several of our best authorities, who combined in the conjecture that it must be a hitherto unknown work by Prior. Yet since Congreve's death—and this shows how little anybody reads him—the contents of Mr. Wise's quarto have appeared in each successive edition of the poems. But before this was perceived the truth had dawned upon Mr. Wise, who, turning over the *Historical Account of the English Poets*, a publication by Curll in 1720, found that the following entry occurs in the 'Corrigenda':

Mr. Congreve. This Gentleman has lately oblig'd us with two Tales from Fontaine, entitled,

I. *The Impossible Thing.*

II. *The Man That Lost his Heifer.*

These form his pamphlet of the same year, 1720. When Mr. Wise was kind enough to point this out to me it was only left for me to add that the anonymous *Historical Account* was the work of Giles Jacob, the friend whose notes on Congreve's life form the nucleus of all we know about him. Thus the authorship of the two poems was proved. And it was only after that proof that I turned to the index of the old editions and found there the two poems, lurking unsuspected. I blush to recall the painful incident.

However, the separate publication of the two poems in a quarto of 1720 is a wholly unrecorded fact, and important to bibliographers. *The Peasant in Search of his Heifer* is added

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apparently as an afterthought, to fill up the sheet. *An Impossible Thing* opens with these lines:

To thee, Dear *Dick*, this Tale I send,
Both as a Critick and a Friend.
I tell it with some Variation
(Not altogether a Translation)
From *La Fontaine;* an Author, *Dick*,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.
The Subject is of that same kind
To which thy Heart seems most inclin'd.
How Verse may alter it, God knows;
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in Prose.
So without Preface, or Pretence,
To hold thee longer in Suspense,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the Recital of my Fable.

He does proceed, not without considerable indelicacy, but in excellent running verse. The "Dick" who was to enjoy it I conjecture—and in this Mr. Austin Dobson confirms me—to have been Richard Shelton, who is connected with Prior's *Alma* and *A Case Stated*. Prior and Congreve have so much in common that it is tantalising not to be able to persuade them to throw light upon one another; they were haunting the same coffee-houses when Swift was writing to Stella in 1710.

The discovery, after 200 years, of a unique copy of an unsuspected separate publication by Congreve confirms a suspicion of mine that other such pamphlets may exist. The earliest attempt at a bibliography was made by Giles Jacob, evidently under the poet's own eye, in 1720. Jacob gives a list of poems, with which 'the ingenious Mr. Congreve, besides his excellent Dramatick Works, has oblig'd the Publick,' but he adds no dates. Of these poems the first is *An Epistle to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax*, and the six next are odes of each of which we possess the text in folio form. But of the *Epistle to Halifax* no separate edition is known, and it appears first in the octavo of 1710. But I cannot help suspecting that Giles Jacob possessed, or could refer to, a folio sheet of (probably) 1694, the year in which Halifax, to reward Congreve for the dedication of *The Double Dealer*, is supposed to have appointed him a Commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches. But I have shown how confused is all the evidence with regard to Congreve's offices, which roused Thackeray to such superfluous indignation. Perhaps the shilly-shallying of Charles Montague had something to do with the suppression of an original folio of the *Epistle*, if it ever existed. In any case, a single sheet with, or more likely without, the signature of Mr. Congreve is worth looking for.

As thirty-three years have passed since my *Life of Congreve* was published I venture to take occasion to mention here one or two slight matters which I should like any possessors of that volume to interpolate. If I had the opportunity to issue a new edition I should further enlarge on a matter which I did make prominent, the very leading part which the veteran Dryden took in advancing the fortunes of his young and hitherto unknown rival. The episode is a charming one, and I have now some instances of it which escaped me in 1888. As is known, Congreve came up from the country some time in 1692. He was introduced by Southerne to Dryden, who took a great fancy to him at once. Dryden was preparing a composite translation of *Juvenal*, and

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he gave the young man the Eleventh Satire to turn. Next came Dryden's *Persius*, to which Congreve prefixed a splendid poem of compliment: the triumph of *The Old Bachelor* followed in January. All this, and more, I worked out; but one very interesting evidence of Dryden's assiduous kindness escaped me. In 1705 was published as a folio pamphlet the *Ode on Mrs. Arabella Hunt singing*, and I supposed that this was the original appearance of this pindaric, which is one of Congreve's best. But my attention has been arrested by observing that 1705 was the year in which Arabella Hunt died, and also that so early as 1693 Dryden published this ode in his *Third Miscellany*. The Arabella Hunt ode therefore belongs to the beginning, and not, as I supposed, to the close, of Congreve's brief poetic career. It is a beautiful thing:

> Let all be hushed, each softest motion cease;
> Be every loud tempestuous thought at peace;
> And every ruder gasp of breath
> Be calm, as in the arms of Death,

and ends with a Keats-like couplet:

> Wishing forever in that state to lie,
> For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

It is now plain that this ode was published as a book at the death of the singer, but had been composed at least twelve years earlier. Another instance of Dryden's connection with Congreve, which I observed too late to record it, is the fact that the latter contributed a song to the *Love Triumphant* of the former in 1694. In the dedication of that play Dryden speaks of 'my most ingenious friend, Mr. Congreve,' who has observed 'the mechanic unities' of time and space strictly. *Love Triumphant* was Dryden's last play, and its failure was complete. A spiteful letter-writer of the time gloats over its damnation because it will 'vex huffing Dryden and Congreve to madness.' All this confirms the idea that the elder poet's complaisance in the younger was matter of general knowledge, and Dryden's withdrawal from the ungrateful theatre must have been a blow to Congreve, who, however, practically stepped at once into Dryden's shoes.

Another biographical crumb. Charles Hopkins, one of the poet-sons of Ezekiel Hopkins, the once-famous Bishop of Derry, was a *protégé* of Dryden, and in 1697 brought out his second play, *Boadicea*, which he dedicated to Congreve in a long poem, from which we learn that Hopkins was an intimate friend and disciple of the author of *The Double Dealer:*

> You taught me first my Genius and my Power,
> Taught me to know my own, but gave me more.

He praises Congreve's verses, and then goes on to say, in lines of conspicuous warmth and sincerity:

> Nor does your Verse alone our Passions move,
> Beyond the Poet, we the Person love.
> In you, and almost only you, we find
> Sublimity of Wit and Candour of the Mind.
> Both have their Charms, and both give that delight.
> 'Tis pity that you should, or should not write.

He proceeds, enthusiastically, in this strain, and closes at last in words which still carry a melodious echo:

> Here should I, not to tire your patience, end,

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But who can part so soon, with such a Friend?
You know my Soul, like yours, without design,
You know me yours, and I too know you mine.
I owe you all I am, and needs must mourn
My want of Power to make you some return.
Since you gave all, do not a part refuse,
But take this slender Offering of the Muse.
Friendship, from servile Interest free, secures
My Love, sincerely, and entirely yours.

This is by no means the only occasion on which Charles Hopkins proclaimed his gratitude and affection. As early as 1694 he paid a tribute of friendship to Congreve, who wrote a prologue to Hopkins' first tragedy, *Pyrrhus King of Epirus* (1695). I think we may presume that it was owing to the greater poet's influence that *Pyrrhus* was put on the stage, for Congreve warmly recommended it, saying:

'Tis the first Flight of a just-feather'd Muse,

adding to the audience:

Then spare the Youth; or if you'll damn the Play,
Let him but first have his, then take your Day,

words which Congreve would hardly have used unless he had been responsible for the production.

It is odd that Hopkins should speak so humbly and Congreve dwell on his friend's inexperience, since Hopkins was at least six years older than Congreve, who was now twenty-seven and pretended to be only twenty-five. He enjoyed no further advantage from the devoted attachment of Charles Hopkins, who retired immediately to his father's home in Londonderry. Already he felt the decay of a weak and sickly tenement,' and his last play, pathetically entitled *Friendship Improv'd* (1697), was sent to London from Londonderry with a preface that bewailed his broken health. According to Giles Jacob, he was 'a martyr to the cause of hard drinking, and a too Passionate fondness for the fair Sex.' The same authority says that Hopkins 'was always more ready to serve others than mindful of his own Affairs,' and we can well believe it. An hour before his death, which took place in 1700, Charles Hopkins, 'when in great pain,' wrote a last copy of verses, which have been preserved. And so Congreve lost this most faithful henchman at the very moment when his own last and perhaps greatest play, *The Way of the World*, failed on the stage, and when he was most in need of sympathy.

Now for a white sheet to wrap both Congreve and myself. In 1888 I took credit, and not unjustly, for having discovered that Congreve prefixed verses to the first edition of a little rare book called *Reliquiae Gethinianae*, which were never reprinted until I restored them, and that these were entirely different from those he prefixed to the third edition of the same book in 1703, the latter alone having been always since reprinted among Congreve's verses. Both poems are conceived in a Donne-like spirit of hyperbole. Grace, Lady Gethin, about whom I have found out more since my *Life of Congreve* was published, was a young Irish lady, Miss Norton, who married an Irish baronet, Sir Richard Gethin, and died at the age of twenty-one in 1697. She secured a wide reputation for learning and piety, and she was actually buried in

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Westminster Abbey. Her essays—with mortuary folding-plates, again in the spirit of Donne—were posthumously published and produced a favourable sensation. But to my great confusion Leslie Stephen, who had (marvellously) studied Lady Gethin, pointed out to me, when he read my biography, that she was a fraud, conscious or unconscious. Her so-called works were cribbed out of several seventeenth-century writers of morality, but particularly out of Bacon. She had copied them into her commonplace book, doubtless without guile. My dear friend and master grimly remarked, 'I wonder neither you nor Congreve spotted "reading makes a full man!" But he never said a word in print about our negligence, which deepens my remorse. I suspect that Congreve did not read the *Reliquiae* carefully, but it is strange that none of Lady Gethin's admirers discovered the mare's-nest.

In 1888 I was not able to describe Congreve's ode on the Taking of Namur in its original form, but since then I have secured a copy of the first edition of 1695. The title is *A Pindarique Ode, Humbly Offer'd to the King, On His Taking Namure. By Mr. Congreve.* There are many differences of text, showing that the poet subjected the poem to careful revision. In this first form, the King, afterwards spoken of as 'William,' is described and addressed as 'Nassaw'; perhaps the poet was advised that his Majesty did not care to be incessantly reminded of his Dutch origin. Here is a cancelled passage:

> Cararacts of Fire Precipitate are driv'n
> On their Adventurous Heads, as Ruin rain'd from Heaven. .
> Echoes each scalding step resound,
> And horrid Flames, bellowing to be unbound,
> Tumble with hollow rage in Cavern'd Ground.

The complete neglect which has overtaken the minor writings of Congreve is regrettable. His odes and pastorals are deformed by a too-conscious rhetoric, and his imagery is apt to be what is called 'artificial,' that is to say, no longer in fashion. But they bear evidence of high cultivation and an elevated sense of style. When Dr. Johnson said that *The Mourning Muse of Alexis* (1695) was 'a despicable effusion' he fell into the sin of overstatement. I admit that this agony of regret for the death of good Queen Mary II may not have been very sincere, and that the imagery is often vapid. Yet the poem is an interesting and a skilful exercise in a species of art which has its place in the evolution of our literature. It is not so good as Marvell would have made it earlier, or as Collins later. But in 1695 I know not who could have done it better except Dryden, and even he, if more vigorous, was not commonly so melodious. That Congreve could not write a tolerable song I frankly admit. To book-collectors, however, the separate minor publications of our poet seem to offer a field which is still unharvested. With Mr. Wise's new discovery, and with the posthumous *Letter to Viscount Cobham*, there are some nine or ten separate publications, besides the four (or five, with *The Judgment of Paris* of 1701) quarto plays. When to these we add the controversial pamphlets and *Squire Trelooby*, in its two forms of 1704 and 1734, we have quite an interesting little body of first editions for the bibliophile.

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FOSSIL MAN

BY PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

From *Etudes, March* 20

(PARIS FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL)

WITHIN half a century opinions on the antiquity of man have varied as rapidly and completely as the economic and social conditions in which we live. Only seventy years ago no one could be found to admit the existence of humankind prior to the few thousand years registered in written history, no one to understand the significance of the chipped stones which strew our soil, no one to observe the paintings which in Périgord and in Spain cover the walls of the caves. Today the museums and libraries are filled with collections and publications concerning prehistoric times; learned institutions and societies are founded for the investigation of fossil man. The most uninitiated and the most opposed to the new science find it altogether easy to believe that our ancestors lived with the mammoth and made their appearance on the earth at a date whch Boucher de Perthes did not dare even to suggest.

No one was better qualified than M. Boule, professor of paleontology at the Paris Museum, to observe the aspects and establish the exact state of this important alteration of our perspective on bygone ages. Oriented by his researches, which have always drawn him to the study of fossil mammals, by a fortunate concourse of circumstances which placed him at the very centre of the developments in the study of prehistoric times and caused the most remarkable human fossils to pass through his hands, and by the necessity in which he found himself, as editor of the review, *L'Anthropologie*, to follow all the publications on fossil man which have appeared for thirty years, M. Boule is probably the one scientist in the world who possesses the largest acquaintance with the beginning of the human race. All those who know the seriousness of the problem of origins will be grateful to him for having set forth in an admirably clear and superbly gotten-up book, the essentials of his vision of the past.*

Hommes fossiles will certainly captivate the great public. As the author desires, however, it will also please students and professional anthropologists, to whom it brings, together with selected bibliography, the principles of research and criticism which have been long in ripening, and a great systematization of facts, massive enough to discourage the beginner if there were no one to direct him. Among these students the specialists in philosophic and religious thought might well be numerous. From this time on, no one will be capable of legitimate speculation on the historical beginnings of our race, if he has not taken cognizance of a book where the results, definitive or provisory, of science are at length brought before him, not only with exceptional competence, but with a fine spirit of conciliation, and—in this I may render a personal tribute—with an absolute good faith.

*Macellin Boule, *Les Hommes Fossiles. Elements de Paleontologie Humaine*. Paris, Masson, 1921. 40 francs.

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After an historical sketch (rich in psychological lessons) telling how man has little by little become conscious of the remoteness of his origin, (chapter I) M. Boule's first care is to acquaint his reader with the stratigraphic methods which permit the establishment of a relative chronology in the Quaternary Period (utilization of marine oscillations, alluvial and glacial formations, and deposits in caves.) (Chapter II.) This explained, he sums up what we know of living and fossil apes and monkeys, the extraordinary antiquity of their zoological groups, and the anatomical characteristics by which they are differentiated from man. (Chapter III). A whole chapter is devoted to the study of the *Pithecanthropus* of Java, which is finally classed as a large gibbon with a skull larger than that of any other known ape. Chapter V, occupied with the discussion of the problem of eoliths and the Tertiary Period, declares the absence of all indubitably human remains prior to the beginning of the Quaternary. It is only after having laid down these solid bases that the author approaches directly the description of fossil man.

The most ancient men known, date from the relatively warm period which preceded the last advance of the glaciers in Europe. The stone utensils of this pre-glacial man, cover almost all the earth; but the bony fragments of him which we have (the jaws of Mauer and of Taubach and the Piltdown skull) (Chapter VII) although highly suggestive, are miserably fragmentary. The true fossil man, in the present state of our knowledge, is the man of the last glacial period, the Mousterian, or Neanderthal man, the two finest known specimens of whom M. Boule has personally made known—that of Chapelle-aux-Saints, and that of Ferrassie. This last is described for the first time in the work which we are here reviewing. The seventy pages devoted to the study of the Neanderthal man (Chapter VIII) are the fundamental part of the book. They should be read very attentively by whoever wishes to form a serious opinion on the subject of fossil man.

In the Neanderthal man we grasp, in a sense, the last fringe of true fossil humanity. Immediately after him, that is to say, after the height of the last glacial period, the study o prehistoric times begins to reach some men who, even though belonging to certain types represented today mainly by savages (the Grimaldi man, the Cro-Magnon man, and the Chancelade man) are already plainly true man, the *Homo sapiens* of the zoologists. As much by their artistic temperament as by the characteristics of their bones, the men of the age of the reindeer (Aurignacian, Salutrian, Magdalenian), (Chapter VIII) are to be placed on the verge of modern times.

In a highly original chapter (Chapter IX) M. Boule attempts to establish, across the confusion of neolithic times, a link between these last representatives of the paleolithic, and modern humanity. Three principal human groups divide the western world today: to the north that of *Homo nordicus*, large, blond, and with longish (dolichocephalic) skulls; to the south that of *Homo mediterraneus*, small, dark, and also with a longish skull; finally, between these two, pushing out like a wedge, that of the little dark men with round skulls (brachycephalic), *Homo alpinus*. To the gradual appearance of these three types in Europe, to their probable role in the building of the modern world, and

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to their possible identification with the most celebrated peoples of ancient history, M. Boule devotes some pages, the more enticing because they serve as a tie between our own lives and a fossil past from which we might think ourselves wholly severed.

Homo nordicus, who must have come from Russia or Western Siberia, and spread the Aryan language, is the common stock from which have sprung the Celts, the Achaians, the Scythians, and later, the hordes of almost all the barbarian peoples. To *Homo mediterraneus*, civilizer and inventor of metallurgy, one may assign the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Etruscans, and the Iberians; to *Homo alpinus*, the invader from Central Asia, (probably in historic times) the Sarmates, the Hittites and the Slavs. Tentative and often fragile identifications, and yet how useful to suggest and direct research!

After having studied fossil man in Europe, M. Boule, in the next-to-last chapter, sums up and makes clearer what we know on the same subject outside of Europe: very little, but enough to enable us to hope for much more. In America, no doubt, man appears to have neither his point of origin (nothing remains of the pre-humans of the pampas of Ameghino, *Pro thomo*, *Diprothomo*), nor even,—as a result, perhaps of a blockade of the continent by glaciers from the North—so venerable an antiquity as elsewhere. But in all the other continents traces have been found (mainly tools and weapons) of men contemporary with animals which have since vanished. Rarer in Australia—a land cut off from the rest of the world since the Cretaceous, where man seems to have penetrated only at a relatively late date—these traces are numerous in India, and they cover the African continent. Africa, and it will soon perhaps be necessary to add Eastern and Central Asia, when the enormous Quaternary deposits of China shall have been explored.—These are the great laboratories where humanity must have been formed. Europe, the centre of modern civilization, has never been, in ages past, anything but a byway where the great movements of life, born on the breadth of these continents, went to die.

The brief summary which precedes makes it possible to appreciate the rich documentation of M. Boule's book and the logical structure of what he writes. Since it is not possible for me to enumerate here all the conclusions, even the most important, at which it arrives, I wish at least to deduce from its reading certain results which seem to me of especial interest.

Before everything else, it is today scientifically demonstrated that there *are* human fossils—fossils by the very ancient age of their bones, which are found mingled with the remains of animals either long since emigrated or extinct; fossils by their anatomical characters, which distinguish them from all races of man now living. The best known among them, the Neanderthal man, has a face far less reduced than ours, a chin scarcely more formed than that of the man of Mauer, and a skull morphologically placed, in an extraordinarily exact way between those of *Pithecanthropus* and modern man. Although highly specialized in themselves, these characters are altogether remarkable for their fixity. As one would find in comparing the excellent photographs given by M. Boule, the seven or eight skulls of the Neanderthal type which we know, resemble one another in a striking way. These are the tokens which a naturalist cannot mistake.

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Homo neanderthalensis chipped flint, made fire, perhaps buried the dead; he was therefore intelligent. But in the category of reasonable—that is to say, human—beings, he constitutes a zoological type quite distinct from other species. As M. Boule observes, his paleontological interest is greater than one would be led to think by a single examination of the rather late geological level where he is found. The Neanderthal man is himself archaic, a late survivor. He represents, indeed, in the glacial epoch, a witness to more ancient human strata.

The Neanderthal man does not seem to have left any posterity. He disappeared, replaced by more intelligent and more vigorous races which, no doubt, for a long time were developing parallel with him in some region of the globe unknown to us. He was 'relayed.' It is important to comprehend this mechanism of 'relays' (according to which the living groups which historically succeed one another, reproduce themselves less often than they are replaced laterally), first because it is one of the most general laws of life (a law which operates at every instant in the social development of modern humanity) and then because it makes it possible to comprehend at what degree, in the eyes of the paleontologists, biological evolution takes the form of a long and intricate process.

There was a time when one might expect to grasp easily the points of connection and separation by which zoological species had been derived from one another. Today, examining things a little closer, one sees that the morphological resemblances— mistaken for bifurcations in the line of descent—are often nothing but points of overlapping or of replacement. The men of the age of the reindeer no more descended from Mousterian man, and he is no more directly connected with *Pithecanthropus*, than the Europeans established at the Cape or in Australia are sprung from the Bushmen and the Tasmanians. The group of human beings, like that of any animal group, reveals itself, upon analysis, to be of extreme complexity. Evolution is no more to be represented in a few simple strokes, for us than for other living things; but it resolves itself into innumerable lines which diverge at such length that they appear parallel. These lines are certainly bound together in some way (we are more and more sure of that) but so far down the scale that we are not able to see.

Nothing gives this impression of 'distance' better than the following fact, upon which M. Boule rightly insists. Dating from the higher Pleistocene (end of the last glacial epoch) or from a period at least as remote, we find three races of man in Europe (Grimaldi, Cro-Magnon, Chancelade) and, outside of Europe, we also possess three series of human remains: certain skulls from the pampas (Argentine), the Talgai skull (Australia), and the Boskop skull (Transvaal). Well, the man of Grimaldi is a negroid; the man of Cro-Magnon represents a type which seems to persist in Western Europe in our days; the Chancelade man resembles an Eskimo. The skulls of the pampas, of Talgai, of Boskop, on their side, have respectively the characteristics of the American Indians, of the Australians, and of the Africans; that is, they possess already the human type peculiar to the continent where they are found. This shows us that from the paleolithic (even from the lifetime of the Neanderthal man, perhaps)

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there were already the white, black and yellow races, occupying in general, the places where we see them today. It is not merely the human zoological type, it is humanity itself, which is prehistoric. From the time when we begin to be able to distinguish its traits, we find it fixed in its fundamental distribution. If the mere location of our kind is already so ancient, how far shall we have to go to find the temporal and spatial centre of its radiation! The disconcerting complexity and antiquity of the movement from which we issued—this, according to M. Boule, is the great lesson of the study of prehistoric times. These perspectives, so beset with obscurity, may seem deceptive or insignificant to those who open *Les Hommes fossiles* only to look naively for the date of man's appearance or his precise genealogy. For all that, these perspectives are by their correspondence with the results to which any study of matter or life leads us, the most worthy of emphasis. Every day, it is true, man becomes less easy for science to explain. But this difficulty is due to the very fact which we are beginning to understand best.

To create a pre-history, as all now see, it is not possible to confine our study to a few tribes; the investigation of humanity's past is joined to an effort at a far greater visual adjustment, which should restore the true perspective, the true relief of the geologic past as a whole. Whoever seeks the material sources of humanity encounters the general current of life.

By its history, our race is a whole, it is one body with the world which carries it.

—

This latest pronouncement of human paleontology is the last word of what it knows and what it does not know. It ought to satisfy all those who, whether from the intellectual inclinations or religious convictions, require unity in the world about them.

In order to express the force of this unity, M. Boule employs, here and there in his remarkable chapter on his conclusions, some expressions which, such as they are, could not enter into Christian thought and which will as a result hinder his book from going, without interpretation, into the hands of all.

May the philosophers and theologians who encounter these debatable phrases not be willing to let themselves be impressed by the words, but seek to transpose into orthodox language scientific teaching, the general outlines of which, still under a heavy veil of conjecture and hypothesis, appear to conform to reality.

The letter of the Bible shows us the Creator fashioning the body of man from earth. Conscientious observation of the world tends to make us understand today that by that 'earth' must be understood a substance slowly elaborated by the totality of things,—in the sense that man, we should say, has been evolved not exactly of a little shapeless matter, but by a prolonged effort of the whole 'Earth.' In spite of the serious difficulties which still keep us from reconciling them with certain more commonly received accounts of the creation, these views, familiar to Gregory of Nyssa and to Saint Augustine, need not disturb us. Little by little, without our yet being able, to say exactly in what terms, but without our losing a particle of what has been given or revealed or definitely demonstrated, the conflict between science and dogma on the burning question of human origins will be reconciled.

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RUSSIAN PEASANT STORIES

BY DR. A. VON LOWISOFF MENAR

[The following stories, taken down from the lips of their reciter, are said to be typical of those which circulated orally over large parts of Russia.]

From *Koelnische Zeitung, February* 16

(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

A PEASANT, a gypsy, a Jew, and a German, agreed to travel through the world together in order to acquire knowledge. So they set forth. Night overtook them in a forest. There in its depths they discovered a hut. They said: 'We'll go in and beg our lodging for the night.' They entered the hut where they found the *Baba-Yaga* (the evil witch of Russian fairy lore) sitting on a bench, her eyes starting out of her head with terror. 'What do you wish here, my strange fellows?' 'Ah, little grandmother, let us spend the night under your roof.' 'So far as I am concerned, but bear in mind that the deluge is due tonight.' 'Be that as it may, we must stop here,' said the peasant, 'for there is no other place to be found.'

Thereupon, the peasant lay down to sleep on the bench, the Jew on the table, the gypsy crawled above the stove, but the German suspended a big trough by a rope under the table, and lay down in it, thinking that if the flood came, he would cut the rope and float away.

The peasant, who was hungry, got a piece of meat out of his haversack, and was quietly eating it. The Jew noticed that the peasant was eating meat, and asked a piece for himself. The peasant gave him some saying, 'The meat is raw. If you want to eat it, go to the gypsy. He smokes a pipe, and you can broil it over the pipe.' The Jew licked his lips and said to the peasant: 'Ay, that will be a delicious roast.'

After a time, the peasant said to the Jew: 'Have you broiled your meat?' 'Yes, indeed!' 'But did you put out the fire?' 'Why, no!' Thereupon the Jew seized a pail of water and threw it over the gypsy. The latter began to howl in terror: 'Ay, ay, the flood!' The German heard him, and cut the rope by which his trough was suspended, and tumbling to the floor, broke nearly every bone in his body. You see from this story what a shrewd fellow a German is.

II.

A Russian and a Tartar were riding together across the country. It so happened that they had to spend the night in the open. They cooked a dish of gruel and debated who should watch the horses. The Russian's horse was light gray and poor. The Tartar's horse was black and a splendid animal. The night was very dark. So the Russian said to the Tartar: 'I do not need to watch my horse. Every time I wake up, I can see it anywhere; but you would not dare to sleep because you will have to keep an eye on your black horse.' However, the Tartar had no desire to keep watch, so he

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traded horses with the Russian. The Russian was well content with his bargain, and laughed at the Tartar: 'Now I'll not have to watch my black horse; for if a thief should come, he would never see it in the darkness, but he would at once see your light gray horse and steal him.' So they both lay down. The Russian acted as if he were sound asleep and began to snore, and waited to see what the Tartar would do. The Tartar wanted to revenge himself for being cheated and thinking that the Russian was sound asleep, got up and chased the latter's horse away into a swamp. After this he lay down and went to sleep again. Thereupon the Russian rose and skinning the Tartar's horse up to the knees, drove it into a thicket of thorns. Then getting his own horse out of the swamp, he lay down and went to sleep.

When the Tartar awoke next morning, he roused the peasant and told him a wonderful dream: 'Ah, but I had a bad dream last night. I thought someone had driven your horse away into the swamp!' 'Ah, brother Tartar! I too had a dream. Not a nice one, either,' replied the Russian, 'I thought that I saw your horse with his legs all lacerated and stripped of their skin, lost in a thorny thicket.' The Tartar rose and went to see what had happened. His horse, however, had died in the thorny thicket, so he had to continue his journey on foot.

When day came, and they had started on their journey, the Russian sold his horse at the first village they came to, in order to forestall any trick the Tartar might play on him.

So they continued on their way, and decided that each would carry the other on his shoulders in turn until the person being carried fell asleep. They cast lots, and the Russian had to carry the Tartar first. The Tartar seated himself on the Russian's shoulders and began to sing, 'taldy-baldy, taldy-baldy,' until he fell asleep before the Russian had carried him half a verst. The latter then tossed him on the ground. Thereupon the Russian mounted on the shoulder of the Tartar and they went on, the Russian singing, 'Tililitilili,' singing and singing, until the Tartar had carried him twenty versts. By that time, the Tartar was very tired and asked the Russian if his song would last much longer. The Russian fancied it might hold out for ten versts more. The Tartar said, 'Your tilili has made me mighty lame.' But the Tartar had to carry the Russian until late at night.

They arrived at a little village where they stayed until morning. All they had to eat was one little chicken. Since it was not enough for both, they decided that it should be reserved for the breakfast of the one who had the finest dream during the night. Then they lay down. The Tartar began to imagine a beautiful dream, but the Russian secretly took the chicken, ate it up, and lay down to sleep again. The Tartar having finally finished composing his dream, aroused the Russian, and asked him what he had dreamed. However, the Russian insisted that the Tartar first tell his own dream. And thereupon, the Tartar said: 'Ah, brother Russian, I had a beautiful vision! I thought that I had reached Heaven and there I saw many angels. Ah, but it was beautiful!' Thereupon the Russian said: 'Yes, I saw you go up to Heaven, and thinking that you would never come back again, I ate up the chicken.'

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So the poor Tartar was always the loser, and refused longer to be the Russian's comrade, but went his way alone.

III.

A peasant was on a journey. A Jew overtook him and greeted him: 'Good day, my good man!' 'Good day, Mr. Jew!' 'Now where are you going?' 'To the next village.' 'Let us journey together. I am going there also.' 'All right. Let's do so.' So they traveled on until they came to a ditch. The Jew jumped over, and as he did so, his purse filled with money fell into the ditch. The peasant picked it up and stuck it in his pocket. 'Here you, my good man. Give me back my money.' 'What money? I've taken nothing away from you.' 'Don't joke,' said the Jew. 'That is not true. You've taken it, and I beg you to give it back.' 'Why, listen, you Jew! You certainly have eaten loco weed. You invited yourself to become my companion, and now you want money from me.' 'Come on,' said the Jew. 'We shall go to the lord of the manor, and he shall decide.' So the Jew took the peasant with him. They continued to argue as they went along. 'Bear in mind, when we come to the lord of the manor,' said the Jew. 'What are you going to say?' 'What? Why I know perfectly. I will say that I did not take your money.' 'No, no, my good man! I'll tell you what you must say.' 'All right, what will it be?' 'Now repeat after me: We were traveling together down the road.' 'We were traveling together down the road.' 'We came to a ditch.' 'We came to a ditch.' 'I sprang over the ditch, hop!' 'You sprang over the ditch, hop!' 'My purse full of money fell out, ka-flop!' 'Your purse full of money fell out, ka-flop!' 'And you grabbed it.' 'And I grabbed it.' 'Now, my good man, you've got your five statements. Make them to the lord of the manor just as you have repeated them.' So all the rest of the trip, the Jew drilled the peasant in what he was to say to the lord of the manor, and gave him a fifty kopek piece to impress it on his mind. When they came to the lord's house, the peasant insisted as before that he had not taken the money. Thereupon, the Jew said: 'Oh, noble lord, you should listen to what he repeats after me. Now my good man: We were traveling together down the road'—'We were traveling together down the road.' 'We came to a ditch'—'We came to a ditch.' 'I sprang over the ditch, hop'—'You sprang over the ditch, hop.' 'My purse full of money fell out, ka-flop'—'Your purse full of money fell out, ka-flop.' 'And you grabbed it'—'No, I didn't take it.' 'Great God on high, what a cheater you are. You refuse to repeat to the noble lord here what you kept saying all the way here. Permit me, noble lord, to take him out and talk to him. Perhaps he has only forgotten what he should say, the block head.' 'Very well. You two go out and talk it over.'

The Jew went out into the yard with the peasant. However, the lord of the manor stood by the door and listened. 'Now, my good man,' said the Jew, 'what does this mean? You promised to repeat just what I said to the lord of the manor, and now you say something else. Here is a ruble. Now say to the lord just what I told you to say.' 'All right,' replied the peasant, taking the ruble and going back into the house with

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the Jew. 'Now, noble lord, listen. 'We were traveling together down the road'—'We were traveling together down the road.' 'We came to a ditch'—'We came to a ditch.' 'I sprang over the ditch, hop'—'You, Jew, sprang over the ditch, hop.' 'My purse fell out, ka-flop'—'Your purse fell out, ka-flop.' And you grabbed it'—'No, I did not take it.' 'Ah, you son of the devil. Won't you confess?'

Thereupon, the lord of the manor intervened. 'This has gone far enough. I, myself, listened and saw you instruct this man and give him a ruble to testify falsely against himself. And he gave prompt orders that the Jew should be driven off the estate.

JOHN DRINKWATER'S 'MARY STUART'

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

From *The Observer*, *April* 3

(MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL DAILY)

THE publication of Mr. John Drinkwater's new play, *Mary Stuart*, simultaneously with its production in New York, moves me to some mournful reflections on a singular and disturbing fact, namely, that the centre of gravity in English drama has been shifted from England to America. I have seen some silly complaints of the invasion of London theatres by American dramatists, but I cannot remember any complaints, silly or otherwise, of the invasion of New York by English dramatists, although there are more plays by the latter being performed in America at this moment than there are plays by the former being acted in England. The English dramatist now looks to New York for more intelligent consideration of his work than he is likely to receive in London, and it is becoming increasingly common for plays by English writers to receive their first public performance not in England, but in America. Mr. Drinkwater's play is an example of this change in custom. Mr. William Archer's *The Green Goddess* is another. Mr. Shaw's *Heartbreak House* is a third, and Mr. Granville-Barker's translation of M. Sacha Guitry's *Deburau* a fourth. Each of these plays has been produced with very great success in New York within the past six months. None of them has yet been produced in England. It will not astonish me if Mr. Arnold Bennett's unnamed Don Juan play or his Five Towns comedy, *Body and Soul*, or the five plays contained in Mr. Shaw's forthcoming volume, *Back to Methuselah*, are performed in America before they are performed in England. Mr. Masefield's austere piece, *The Faithful*, has not, to our grave discredit, been done in England, except at the semi-private performances of the Stage Society, but it was publicly performed in New York in 1919. In addition to these performances of plays by English dramatists not yet produced in this country, there are many successful productions of English plays, already seen here, either in New York or in the American provinces. Mr. A. A. Milne's *Mr. Pim Passes By* is enjoying great popularity in New York. So is

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Mr. Galsworthy's *The Skin Game* and *The Mob*. Sir James Barrie's *Mary Rose* had hardly the favour in New York that it had in London, but I believe it is receiving more praise in other American cities, and the same is true, I am told, of *The Beggar's Opera*. In the autumn, Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The White-headed Boy* will be done in New York, with all of the present company, except Miss Sara Allgood, in the cast.

It is not easy to account for this state of affairs otherwise than by the assumption that audiences in New York are more willing to make experiments or to interest themselves in modern work than are audiences in London. Many of the disabling characteristics of the London theatre are to be discovered in the New York theatre, which is passing through a phase of financial adversity equal to, if not greater than, that now affecting the theatre here. Commercial managements there are not any more indifferent to large profits quickly returned than the same sort of managements in England. There are twice as many theatres in New York as there are in London, but the congestion in play-producing is not lessened by that fact. Rents are at least as high in America as in England. Spectacular pieces and the leggier entertainments draw crowds just as easily there as they do here, and I regret to say that thoroughly sloppy plays are not less popular in the cruder parts of the United States than they are in London. (It is odd, by the way, to observe with what fatuity the silly sort of superior person will declaim against the sentimentality of some American plays, as if these pieces were without appeal to English playgoers, as if, indeed, American managers, realising that a piece which is too sloppy for New York can never be too sloppy for London, do not make a point of sending the more saccharinous of their plays to this country!) Yet in spite of the similarity in the general theatrical situation in London and New York, there remains this remarkable difference, that it is much easier for the author of a meritable play to secure production for it in America than in England. Consider the strange case of *The New Morality*, a charming and exceedingly amusing light comedy by a young American dramatist, the late Harold Chapin, who gave his life for this country during the war. This play, written for a distinguished English actress who has been too long absent from our stage, was produced, about nine years after it was written, for two performances in London by the Play Actors. It gave enormous pleasure to the audiences which witnessed it, and was enthusiastically praised by the critics. One would have imagined that managers would have engaged in a severe competition to secure the play, but, although it was offered to most of them, it was turned down! An American manager bought it, in spite of the fact that he had not a theatre available for evening productions, and it was performed for a number of matinées in New York and will, in due time, be put into a regular bill. How is one to account for this state of affairs? Has the war really left us all so sick in mind that we are in the condition of irritable convalescents, capable only of digesting pap?

And now we find Mr. Drinkwater's latest play, *Mary Stuart*, receiving its first performance, not in the country of its author, but in America. When the play is done in London it will be produced by an American actor, Mr. James K. Hackett, who

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gave so fine a performance as Macbeth last year. I am sometimes accused of harshness in my judgments by people who forget that I praise as heartily as I damn, and perhaps there is some truth in the charge, though I can plead in mitigation of my offence that my severity is provoked by my deep regard for the English theatre and for the skill of the English actor. But whether the charge be true or false, this at all events is true, that I have sufficient interest and pride in English drama to feel resentful of the fact that English dramatists of repute are obliged to seek hospitality for their work in a foreign country. The generosity and kindliness of that foreign country is very consoling to those reputable dramatists, but the kindliness and generosity of strangers can never quite compensate for the disregard of one's own kin. I trust that London will see the first performance of Mr. Drinkwater's *Oliver Cromwell*, with Mr. Henry Ainley as Cromwell, but I fear at times that this distinguished play too will obtain its premiére elsewhere than in the city where Mr. Drinkwater is entitled to receive honour.

Mary Stuart is a long one-act play, rather longer, I fancy, than Mr. Shaw's *The Showing-up of Blanco Posnett*. The form of the play is novel. It is not exactly a dream play, but it has the appearance of one. The piece opens in Edinburgh (or Edinborough, as Mr. Drinkwater prefers to write it) 'in 1900 or later' with a long conversation between two men, Andrew Boyd (the elder of the two) and John Hunter about the marital troubles of the latter. Margaret Hunter, who does not come into the play, bears some spiritual resemblance, says Boyd, to Mary Stuart, and he attempts to soothe the wounded husband with the comparison, but unsuccessfully. Then in an interesting and curious manner the scene is changed from the twentieth to the seventeenth century, and is a very adroit, but, I think, too summary, fashion, Mary's relationship to her three lovers, Darnley, Riccio, and Bothwell, is stated in terms of the last verse of Mary's song:—

> Not Riccio nor Darnley knew,
> Nor Bothwell, how to find
> This Mary's best magnificence
> Of the great lover's mind.

We see Mary at the period when, weary of Darnley and without illusions about Riccio, she is turning, not hopefully, to Bothwell in her quest for a fit mate for a great queen. Mr. Drinkwater portrays her, not as a wanton woman like the pseudo-virgin Elizabeth, but as a woman of high quality vainly searching for her proper consort. The odd thing about the play is that the sixteenth century scenes are more alive and natural than the scene in the twentieth century, possibly because Mr. Drinkwater appears to have more interest in historical than in contemporary figures, but more probably because his main theme is Mary, and not the love troubles of John Hunter. The figure of Mary is very clearly drawn, a remarkably well-realised character, full of dignity and repose, and possessed of much moving quality: a woman of stature and worth. The subsidiary characters of Darnley and Riccio and Bothwell are all built of flesh and blood, and not, as too commonly happens in historical plays, of nicely-decorated cardboard. The play, remembering the narrow limits within which it is contained, is a very notable achievement, and I shall look forward to its production here, with Miss Beatrice Beckley in the name-part.

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JAMES HUNEKER

BY THOMAS MOULT

From *The English Review, April*

(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

To have received at a distance of two thousand miles, while reading his recently-published autobiography, the cabled announcement of the end of James Huneker, was to experience the shock of an old friend suddenly expiring before one's eyes, without the faintest prescience of his fate; in full harness, moreover, a moment ago sparkling with gaiety and warmth, sharp and spiced and stinging as though it were decreed that men went on living for ever. Huneker's relish for life and literature was of a type that either endeared him to you or sent you away reviling the country that produced him, and in which he was peculiarly at home, that encouraged all those qualities in him for which we in England have no equivalent; at least, none expressed in our art. A Dionysiac force in criticism, he has been well called, apart as the poles from our own litterateurs, writing their criticism sadly, our zestless authoritarians. The show of candor and raciness by which certain writers pretend to reveal themselves fails to lessen the distance. There must be something behind it which they do not possess, knowledge rich and ripe; and no suspicion of writing down to the level of one's populace. We have had, in fact, none to put beside Huneker since Shaw's high humour and spirit were dashed in the consulting-room of the author of *Damaged Goods*.

Because it is cheaper to publish American fiction in this country than it is to *print* and publish the work of our own writers, we are at present enabled to learn a good deal about the position of the novel in the United States. But only by chance do we come to know anything of its current criticism of literature. James Huneker's volumes alone appear to have been issued with any regularity in an English edition. Not that this has always been a good thing for Huneker. It was a very indiscriminate sort of regularity, a periodical hotch-potch of all manner of essays dished up from the New York daily journal whose literary and artistic columns he had edited these many years. One might certainly say that the volumes which came over to us got steadily worse. *Bedouins*, for example, published a year ago, could have served no better purpose, so far as we were able to make the book out, than the diversion of those feverish folk on this side who have been affected by the American avidness for everything that, in Jack London's phrase, has 'a kick in it,' be it domestic pepper or that music which is said to send its barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

If *Bedouins* chanced to be a reader's first introduction to Huneker, he would have been astounded to learn that its author was in his day chosen to present Mr. Shaw's collected essays and opinions on the theatre to the volume-desiring public, or that he was the author of a treatise on Chopin which musicians appear to regard

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with the highest esteem. To quote from *Bedouins* is none the less to get beneath the surface of sad lapse to the essential character of a style that first cracked and startled English ears many years ago in *Iconoclasts:* 'Joyfulness cannot be denied Botticelli; but it is not the golden joy of Giorgione; "Big George of Castelfranco." An emaciated music emanates from the eyes of that sad, restless Venus, to whom love has become a scourge of sense and spirit. Music? Yes, there is the "coloured hearing" of Mendoza. The canvases of Botticelli sound the opalescent overtones of an unearthly composition. Is this Spring, this tender, tremulous virgin, whose right hand, deprecatingly raised, signals as a conductor from invisible orchestra its rhythms? Hermes, supremely impassive, hand on thigh, plucks the fruit as the eternal trio of maidens with woven paces tread the measures of a dance we but overhear. Garlanded in blossoms, a glorious girl keeps time with the pulsing atmospheric moods; her gesture, surely a divine one, shows her casting flowers upon the richly embroidered floor of the earth. The light filters through the thick trees, its rifts as rigid as a candle. The nymph in the brake is threatening. Another epicene creature flies by her. Love shoots his bolt in mid-air. Is it from Paphos or Mitylene? What the fable? Music plucked down from vibrating skies, music made visible.'

First printed in the pages of a newspaper, one wonders what kind of audience this sort of writing could have had. The reader's road to wisdom, if he accepted it, would seem to be by way of hyperbole and excess—infected by Huneker's prose, we paraphrase William Blake unblushingly. That sentence, 'music plucked down from vibrating skies,' confirmed a fear we had warded off long enough—that the American nature cannot be beaten in its materialism once it has taken the comfortable turn. Huneker revealed this even in his better moments, and what is more, he revelled in it. Music is not only to be 'plucked down from vibrating skies,' it is 'painted' or 'made visible', and once, in a story of his, when a green star drops over Judea it is 'as though music itself were slain.' The common identity of the seven arts was, of course, Richard Wagner's dominating theory, and he endeavoured all his life long to practise it. Huneker himself records how Camille Mauclair, a French artist, seriously proposed a scheme for the fusion of the arts. The fusion was to be cerebral: sculpture, architecture, music, drama, acting, painting, and dancing synthesised in the mind. But neither Wagner nor Mauclair—nor any of the others who have been intrigued by the idea, Pater especially—would have tolerated an attempt at synthesis on paper—a daily paper at that, and set down by a critic!

Not only was a common identity of the seven arts attempted by Huneker, but of artistic *genres* and every pleasing thing that came within range of the five senses. And, so far as it went, he made the whole thing delightful—or revolting, according to the way you received him. There are folk who hear painting, see music, touch poems, taste symphonies, and write perfumes, but Huneker beamed across the dinner-table with talk that actually identifies artistic masterworks and the wine, the dishes, the cigars—it is always at the dinner-table that we see him, perhaps because so many of the meetings and talks with the artists of several continents, as recorded in his autobiography, took

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place on that common ground of social fellowship. He always knew when he was in Austria, he tells us, because the coffee is much better than the watery, flavourless compound you are offered in Germany. The Belgian kitchen is richer than the Hollandish, and the wines better and cheaper, and so on. We almost feel that his attitude to the art of the different countries was formed by his experience as an epicure. But it was not. He worked among all the arts with true judgment; he passed from one to the other with an enthusiasm that remained undiluted. When Tolstoy wrote to him, 'Sir, I do not like the story of the devil you sent me. I cannot see a fair future for your sinister and ennobled talents' (the message was written in English: did Tolstoy mean *ignoble*?), Huneker was brave enough to recognise his own limitations, and he gave most of his life to the interpretation of other men's work. He explored Europe, and returned to New York with fresh tidings and generally sound pronouncements. He loved to docket his artistic heroes as madmen, wits, saints and sinners, and he captured their splendour, their pathos, and their gaiety for his readers in a way that has no comparison in critical ready-writing. He revelled in allusiveness, confirming one of his author's statements by the words of ten others, checking an English painting by an Italian master, until the reader's mind is as heavily freighted as a catalogue. On one page of his *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks* there may be counted thirty-three distinct references! And, what is more, though he mentioned everybody in every art he seemed to be acquainted with everybody he mentioned. And they, being each the best of his good friends, particularly Shaw and Max Beerbohm, would quarrel with him violently.

There is a poem by Mr. W. H. Davies in which he speaks of the mood of overpowering staleness 'holding this mortal flesh,' the mystery of mortal life pressing us down. James Huneker must have experience that dark hour often, creeping into his heart before he was aware, but you would never have thought it from his writing. His was a personality to which, even after his death, we shall be able to turn and find our own zest returning, so full of life is our thought of him, so full he of the power to re-infuse it in others, so life-lusty, glittering, hearty. That we shall pass by the greater men at such times, those for whom our greeting in real life would not have been quite easy, those whose comradeship would have left us always with a sense of reserve,—is it not human?

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A CRITIC ON MECHANICAL MUSIC

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN, the musical critic who so successfully withstood, some years ago, a rather impudent and rash attack by Mr. Bernard Shaw, has written a book defending the mechanical piano. The book is called *The Piano Player and its Music*.* Mr. Newman defends the piano player and opens his defense with an assurance to the reader that he is not in the pay of 'the makers.' That he should deem such an assurance necessary is evidence of the amount of prejudice which—in his view at any rate—the piano-player has still to overcome. But we rather fancy that in this he is somewhat mistaken. Ten or fifteen years ago the case was different, but to-day the musicians are all converted, and to despise the piano-player has become the hallmark of 'refined' philistinism. The piano-player has justified itself in the eyes not only of the public, but of the artists.

The incontrovertible fact as Mr. Newman says, is that 'a reasonably good performance on the piano-player is a more artistic affair than nine performances out of ten that one hears upon an ordinary pianoforte.' And when this most distinguished of contemporary musical critics adds

> I have often heard pianoforte playing at a concert that, if I had not seen the pianist, I should have taken for a mediocre performance on a piano-player; and I have more than once heard, from behind a door, a piano-player performance that gave me no suspicion that a mechanical instrument was concerned in it,

one is at least obliged to admit that whatever may be the limitations of the modern piano-player, it has won for itself already a perfectly secure place, of which no amount of 'superior' criticism can deprive it. If its development should lead to the disappearance of the third-rate amateur pianist, and to the abolition of 'learning the piano' from the routine curriculum of the ordinary girls' school, who will deny its benefits?

The commonest complaint against the piano-player is, of course, that it is 'mechanical.' Mr. Newman replies to this that

> for thousands of years man has been steadily increasing the quantity of mechanism he uses in order to make music, and the quality of the music has improved with the quantity of the mechanism. . . . The history of the best of the single instruments—the pianoforte—is the record of an incessant piling up of mechanism. After all, what is a pianoforte, in essence, but a dulcimer? Why all this elaborate mechanism for the mere striking of a piece of wire? Why not be satisfied with a little hammer held in the hands? Simply because the complicated mechanism of the pianoforte hits the wires better than the hand could do.

But the piano-player, for all that it has achieved, is still in its infancy, and almost half of Mr. Newman's book is devoted to the suggestion of improvements, especially in the cutting and marking of the rolls. He points out that unless the time-signature is given it is extraordinarily difficult even for a good musician to play a new piece 'without even knowing whether the music will unfold itself in duple or triple time.' The main pedal effects also, he suggests, might be given by means of perforations, thus leaving the player free to devote more of his attention to the difficult niceties of the pedal. Again, in the catalogues of rolls some system of 'grading' modern music should be adopted, so that in attacking, say, Debussy or Scriabin, the inexpert should not start with some

* Grant Richards, 6s.

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difficult work which may lead him to forswear this or that composer for ever.

Doubtless all these suggestions are very useful, but the most interesting feature of Mr. Newman's book is his insistence upon the immense educational possibilities of the piano-player. He declares that in his wide experience of pianoforte students in conservatories and elsewhere he has found that ninety-nine per cent. of them are 'deplorably ignorant of music'; they have perhaps considerable technique and know a score of famous works fairly well, but outside that nothing. The piano-player has opened the whole world of music to everyone—for the first time. How many people of musical tastes living outside the great cities have ever had a chance of becoming acquainted with even that most famous of all musical works, the Ninth Symphony? Already the effects of the piano-player are appreciable.

> Every roll-lending library tells the same tale of a steady improvement in the taste of those who have used it for some time. People begin with rag-time, go on to musical comedy, and from that to classical music. The rubbish simply cannot stand the amount of repetition it gets.

Thus the public taste is being educated as it has never been educated before, and the number of people who take a genuine interest in good modern music is growing every day. Every school, urges Mr. Newman, should have its piano-player as well as its piano. A quarter of an hour a day of the piano-player, in the hands of a moderately accomplished performer, would give the modern child a repertory and a real knowledge of music, such as his parents could not have acquired in all their days. Hitherto, our educational system has produced every year a limited number of second-rate and third-rate amateur performers on the piano; what it might far more easily produce is a multitude of first-rate listeners.

MR. WELLS'S PERTINENT SUGGESTION

MR. H. G. WELLS is becoming so much a national institution that his correspondence must be reaching Gladstonian dimensions. People of all sorts in doubt, on difficult imaginative questions partcularly, appeal to him in both senses of the phrase. The manager of the huge Bush Company building that is being erected between Kingsway and the Strand has been considering the idea of a foundation-stone casket to be embedded in the great mass of ferro-concrete on which the building is to stand. As a reader of Mr. Wells's *History of the World* he had been struck by Mr. Wells's difficulty, through lack of significant material, in dealing with the world's history three thousand years ago. As he was told that the concrete foundations would last at least that time he thought that it might be of use to the Mr. Wells of A. D. 4921 if he found the information about our time neatly prepared for him. Accordingly Mr. Wells was written to and asked to suggest what would be the most useful things or messages to be placed in the cavity. Here is Mr. Wells's reply:

> Difficult to make suggestions. Probably commonplace things with their current prices will be of as much value as anything. Safety razor, cotton reel, bottle of pickles, and that sort of thing. Shoolbred's catalogue, pre-war and post-war. Samples of patent medicines and what they profess to cure. Dietary of ordinary citizen; typewriter, a sewing machine, and so forth. Dressing bag with fittings. Current book on *How to Behave*. A kinema reel of current events. *Whitaker's Almanack* and Bradshaw's Continental time-tables (pre-war and post-war). Baedeker's *England*. Town maps and plans.—H. G. WELLS.

It was typical of Mr. Wells's splendid public sense that he should have answered so readily to this appeal. It now lies with the company to get the opinion of experts as to the durability

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of these things even in an air-proof chamber. The subject is an exciting one, and one on which no two people have the same views. Suppose it is only a question of leaving a message punched in aluminum, or whatever is the most permanent form for messages in air chambers, what is the truth of our time that would be most significant for the angels that are to live on this earth three thousand years after us?

TABULATING DR. JOHNSON'S VIRTUES

BRYNBELLS, in the Vale of Clwyd, the house of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mrs. Piozzi—or, as she is better known by the name of her first husband, Mrs. Thrale—is to be sold. At Brynbells Dr. Johnson and many of his circle were often entertained, and it was while living here that Mrs. Thrale drew up her system for measuring the better qualities of humankind, by means of which she proceeded mercilessly to judge her friends.

Dr. Johnson emerges with an average rating of only 110, while Dr. Burney stands at the very pinnacle of Mrs. Thrale's esteem with 120 points. Boswell ranks last in the group, for Mrs. Thrale has just enough wifely devotion to spare her husband this ignominy. She gives him 88 points, or 16 more than Boswell. It is rather interesting to observe that Mrs. Thrale (or Piozzi) has anticipated the rating system by which the abilities of American army officers were judged during the war.

Nothing that Dr. Johnson ever said or that Boswell ever noted down can surpass in pointed succinctness some parts of this table. What, for example, could convey more in fewer words than the three zeroes which she sets down opposite her husband's name—unless, perhaps, the three which stand against the great Doctor!

This is her tabulation of her friends' virtues:

	Religion	Morality	Scholarship	General Knowledge	Person and Voice	Manners	Wit	Humour	Good Humor
Thrale	18	17	9	9	18	17	0	0	0
Dr. Johnson	20	20	19	20	0	0	15	16	0
Dr. Burney	18	18	18	15	13	16	0	3	19
Garrick	10	15	3	16	18	17	19	19	0
Burke	16	10	14	19	12	14	0	0	0
Boswell	5	5	5	10	10	8	7	3	19

RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF AESCHYLUS

Two revivals of the play of Aeschylus have recently been given abroad, one at Cambridge University, where the entire trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, *Choephori*, and *Eumenides* were presented, and the other in the ancient Greek theatre still standing at Syracuse, where the *Choephori* alone was given. The English version of the three plays was so abridged that the whole cycle could be presented within four and a half hours—the limit of a modern audience's patience. There was no effort at minute archeological detail—indeed, the special music by Mr. C. Armstrong Gibbs was somewhat reminiscent of the Russian opera and ballet!—but the general atmosphere was true to the classics. The acting was unusually fine, often with abundant restraint, almost absolute repose, and great power.

The production at Syracuse revives the series of classical dramas in the ancient theatre which ended abruptly in 1914, after the performance of the *Agamemnon*. Professor Ettore Romagnoli, who was the translator for that production, also prepared the Italian version of the *Choephori*. When the Cambridge Greek plays were last given, before the war, Rupert Brooke was one of the actors.

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OLD ENGLISH MUSIC

LONG-FORGOTTEN British musicians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have won a new hearing in London. Discoveries of monkish manuscripts in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey and in the library of Eton College, where they have escaped the wholesale destruction wrought by zealous Puritans in Cromwell's time, reveal a group of old-new compositions which are a creditable addition to the musical literature of England.

During Holy Week the Passion music of Richard Davy, an early sixteenth century composer who has since been nearly lost to memory, was heard by English worshippers for the first time in nearly three centuries. The music is beautiful, severe, majestic. It is admirably adapted to the liturgy and, through its austerity and strength which almost give it the qualities of sculpture, affords a refreshing contrast to the church music of the day. The centuries have not passed lightly over the old manuscripts in their retreat at Eton, and there were several lacunae, which have been filled by the discoverer, Dr. Terry, with a success that is both artistic and scholarly.

The discoveries in the old library of Westminster Abbey, once the dormitory of English monks—who owned the music and must have been the last to sing it—are due to Sir Frederick Bridges, who spent a long residence in the cloisters principally in examining their manuscript treasures. Most of the music that he found was Elizabethan and consisted largely of madrigals; but as he searched further he came upon a collection of sacred motets by Richard Deering, a composer of great merit, though hitherto little known. Comparatively few of his compositions were extant, prior to Sir Frederick's discovery. Impressed by the genius of the composer, the discoverer pushed his researches further, with the result that he unearthed in the British Museum collection a remarkable series of compositions in manuscript by Deering and other English composers.

Not all of this is church music. There are numerous songs and rounds which are founded on the old street cries of London and must have been heard by Shakespeare as he walked along the Bankside to the theatre. It has long been known that echoes of these cries occur in Shakespeare's plays, and it is upon them that Alfred Noyes bases his poem 'Old Blind Moon of London.' Sir Frederick's discoveries, however, are with one slight exception, all new.

While these interesting finds are being made, two new books* have been published which add to the interest in the revival of old English music at the same time that they make information about it accessible to the public. These are Mr. H. Orsmond Anderton's *Early English Music*, and Sir Frederick Bridges's *Twelve Good Musicians*. Sir Frederick includes John Milton and Lawes (composer of the music to *Comus*) among his 'good musicians.' The others are Byrd, Morley, Weelkes, Gibbons, Deering, Locke, Humfrey, Dr. Blow, and Purcell.

The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust is publishing in ten volumes an edition of Tudor music, most of which has lain forgotten for centuries. Sir Henry Hadow, declaring that the collection includes 'church music as fine as that of the great masters of Flanders and Italy.

* "Early English Music," By H. Orsmond Anderton. Published by "Musical Opinion," 10*s.* 6*d.* net. "Twelve Good Musicians," By Sir Frederick Bridge. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.

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MEREDITH ON THE STAGE

SOMETHING almost as inconceivable as *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out has actually been staged in London—a dramatic version of George Meredith's *Rhoda Fleming* with Peggy Lovell omitted from the cast of characters! Not content with this, Mr. A. Phillipson, the adapter, has taken full advantage of the dramatist's traditional liberty in placing a novel on the stage, and has dropped out another character—the villian Nick Sedgett. He has necessarily altered the order of events in order to compress the time of action sufficiently to bring it within the compass of an evening's performance, even going so far as to lay in the farmhouse in Kent a number of the scenes which in the novel take place in London.

He has also altered the relationship in which the characters stand to one another. George Meredith—whose opinion, where the creatures of his own creation are concerned, ought to count for something—makes Edward Blancove, the young gentleman who philanders with Dahlia's affections, the son of a wealthy banker, and Algernon Blancove, the young man who wishes to marry Rhoda, the son of a Kentish squire. In the novel this was essential, because when the squire dies Algernon all but succeeds in making Rhoda his wife. Mr. Phillipson, however, who is quite as stern as any surgeon, severs relationships freely, so that Edward has become the squire's son and Algernon has so far fallen from his Meredithean high estate that his parentage is not even mentioned, and he is brought on stage merely as Edward's cousin.

The play is not a skilful piece of construction, amounting, in the opinion of its harsher critics, to little more than a stringing together of incidents not even intelligible to playgoers who are unfamiliar with Meredith.

The choice of *Rhoda Fleming* as the first of Meredith's novels to appear on the stage was not altogether happy. The story is complex and involved. There are two main threads of interest, to both of which the novelist can do justice but between which the dramatist must choose because of the limitations of dramatic form, especially the short time at his disposal. If the passion of Edward for Dahlia were made the main theme of the play, and Robert Eccles and Rhoda Fleming herself were made secondary characters, a well-constructed play might possibly be evolved; but even Mr. Phillipson would scarcely care to call such a production *Rhoda Fleming*. Meredith himself, if he could see it played, might not object to such a change, for Dahlia is said to have been his own favorite among his characters.

The tragic story with its violent clash of temperament between the two daughters of the Kentish farmer does, it is true, afford dramatic material surcharged with possibilities. It offers resemblances to the kind of story which Mr. St. John Ervine has handled with superb results. But the degree of selection necessary on the part of the dramatist is so great that he necessarily distorts the original story almost beyond recognition. In some respects *The Egoist* might remain more characteristically Meredithean on the stage. It is dominated by a single personality around whom the story centres, though, as an English critic suggests, the epigrams might have to be 'decoded' for dramatic purposes.

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[*Westminster Gazette*]

A TANKA

(In the Japanese manner)

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

Who goes there?
A friend.
What tidings from the tumult?
Sun will shine and storm rush down,
Seas will dream and drone and drown
To the very end.

[*The English Review*]

THE APPLE OF VERSAILLES

BY STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD

I.

1914.

When the Day came,
That bared us to the stroke
Of blind hands in the dark,
We said:
This giving of blood for blood
That has no end;
This barter of dead for dead;
This deck'd and dreadful pageantry of shame
Has come at last,
In steel-proof vulnerable
To our young blade.
We who must spend
The gold of our years in one great lavishing,
We shall go down before that hungry flood,
That broke
Upon our shores with the first breaking sea;
Yet we,
Unthrifty of life as June of flowering,
Shall shackle and keep fast,
With dead hands pitifully unmerciful,
This bloody and false Hierarch,
That Love may go forthfaring unafraid.

II.

1920.

When we are old,
We who have seen
Death drunken with blood as wine;
When clear-eyed,
Fronting the beating drums and mocking flags,
Foreknowing naught, temper'd, steel-true and fine,
Our children stand
Before our feet beneath the intolerable threat,
Saying, as of remembered tales oft-told:

Are we now come as knights
To succour a world in chains;
Pouring our golden days
Into the furnace that our sons be free?

How shall we answer then,
We who came back
To build the dream for which all youth had died?

With lies upon our lips, and foolish tags;
With little saws mouthed by dead little men;
And, drowning with battle-lays
(Born of a myriad pains),
Their questioning, lest they should understand,
Bid them prepare their bodies for the rack.

Or, shameful, before their proud young instancy,
Say: This ancient Thing, corrupting and unclean,
That goeth athirst, nor all your blood requites,
Must break you now for our dishonour'd debt.

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The New Republic says:

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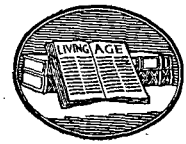

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